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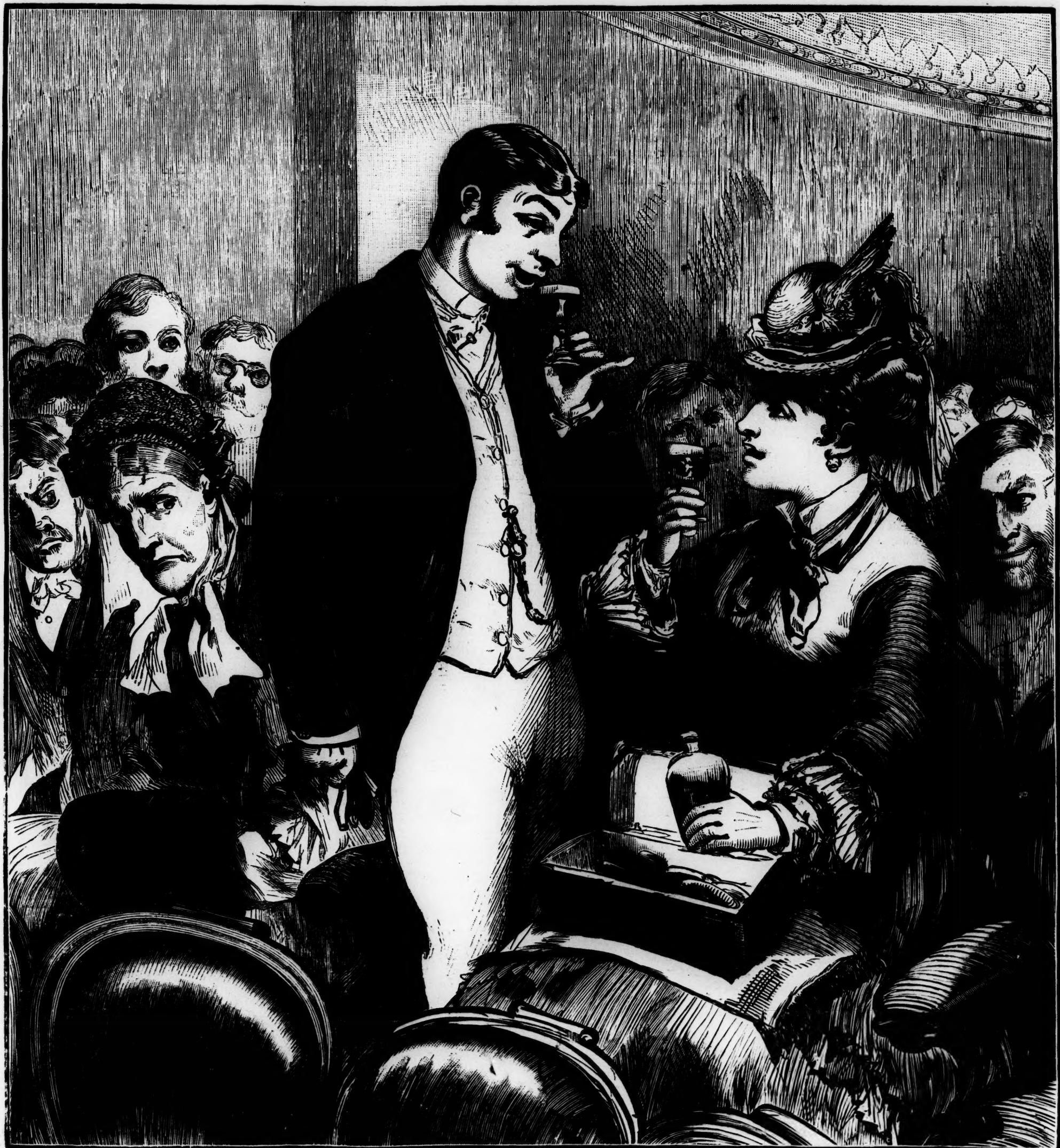
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

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THEY MADE THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE.

HOW A COUPLE FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS PUT IN THE TIME BETWEEN THE ACTS, AND AMUSED THEIR STOMACHS AS WELL AS THEIR EYES; NEW YORK CITY.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, — — Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, May 12, 1883.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

THE Irish question seems to have reduced itself to this: How many informers are there in Ireland? Every week we hear of a new one coming forward.

PAT ROONEY objects to our statement that he made his mark in the variety theatres. He says he's got beyond that—he signs his name, now. There seems to be a mistake somewhere between us. Can you tell where it is?

THEY talk about the POLICE GAZETTE's lack of refinement—these millionaire monopolists and first society people, who buy their literature by the yard to decorate their book shelves! Well! That is cheek!

NONBODY has been knocked out for a month. Come, come, boys—things must move livelier than this. Where's old Bergh? Isn't it about time he recovered from the slogging the POLICE GAZETTE gave him, and have another go at us? We're agreeable. Anything to keep the ball rolling.

"MAN wants but little here below," quotes a parson writing us to mend our ways. We're not that sort of man, we retort: we want all we can get, and it amounts to considerable in money. What we want in small measure is the religious "guff" and hypocritical cant that men of his class give us.

FROM our lofty eerie—the intellectual department of the POLICE GAZETTE—we take in at a glance on a Monday morning the washing of 2,000,000 of people. What wonder that we detect the soiled linen and expose it when the crooked faction undertake to wash it on the sly or in irregular fashion.

THE away-up tony class of New York citizens, including the dudes, came out the other day with their names in the papers as the patrons of a benefit for the "Skin and Cancer Hospital." Eternal fitness of things! "skins" and "cancers!" How typical! How expressive! Yet we should think some of those dainty fellows would divide up the title of the institution between them and consider it personal.

Now that the Brooklyn bridge is finished, what is to become of the foundries established by the stockholders when they unloaded their responsibilities on the two cities and fastened on the enterprise big contracts with the private works they had cunningly established? Having served their purpose of enriching several families, they will probably be closed up until there is another bridge to be built. Oh, if the public could know all of the workings of this affair under the surface, wouldn't it be hopping mad!

In reply to those fresh correspondents who have taken on themselves the task of convincing us that "if we know which side our bread is buttered" we will take the tide at the flood and make the POLICE GAZETTE a theatrical organ, we have to say that it isn't an organ at all and can't be "played on" by anybody. The POLICE GAZETTE represents the public—the hamfatters of the "perfesh" can take care of themselves or look elsewhere for a mouthpiece. That's the kind of a hurdy-gurdy we are.

WE are evidently an object of some interest in religious circles. It seems the saints are about equally divided as to whether we ought to be converted or gagged. Neither, thank you. The public holds us as a non-convertible security.

Not a bank president gone wrong in six whole weeks. Not a parson found out. Not a Sunday school superintendent mixed up in a scandal with the sisters. What's the matter? Has the POLICE GAZETTE scared them into being more moral or more sly? The latter, most likely.

THE Rev. John Ray was arrested at Atchison, Kansas, on April 20. He was soliciting subscriptions for a new church, and got along very well until he was detected tapping a bureau drawer in a private residence where he had called on his religious lay. He was sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail and to work in the chain gang for sixty days. The country is surely going to ruin when religion has no more claims to consideration than this, and persons are treated like any other criminals when they are caught.

WHERE do the out-of-town papers catch their wildeyed female correspondents from New York? It seems they employ only women writers; for one afternoon, a week ago, while we were visiting a manager, more than a dozen women called and claimed dead-head tickets on the ground that they represented the press of cities east and west. And such a set as they were! We haven't yet recovered from the effects of the "guying" we got about our professional sisters. We have felt humiliated ever since when we reflect that we may be classed professionally with such God-forsaken specimens of humanity and journalism!

THE "bad spell" that Chicago journalism has labored under for a couple of years seems to have passed over. We notice that the papers are ceasing their orthographic vagaries and philological reforms. When the world is ripe for a reform in the English language the movement will not begin in Chicago, you bet. It will commence with the world's newspaper, the POLICE GAZETTE, and with Richard K. Fox backing and giving countenance to the new system. Everything fresh and new nowadays begins with the POLICE GAZETTE, which is fresh and new itself—not too new, but just new enough. Let the Chicago men stick to the old spelling books, therefore, until the new ones come out, endorsed by the POLICE GAZETTE.

HE WAS always a sly old rat, that Ben Butler, able to invoke the devil and raise him, too, when it was to his profit to do so. Hence, when we read about this Tewksbury almshouse scandal in Massachusetts, and learn that Governor Ben is at the head of the investigation, we begin to sniff around for sulphurous odors, and fortify ourselves with a grain of salt, to enable us to swallow old Satan in the special form [in which "spoons" has conjured him up to suit his purpose on this occasion. The fact is, we don't take much stock in Ben as a saint or a philanthropist. You see we have known him for some twenty years. Therefore we're non-committal on this Tewksbury business. We'll wait, we guess, until Governor Ben has played his full hand. It's dangerous to bet blind for or against him.

THE honor of raising the most consummate ass that ever masqueraded in human shape belongs to New Haven, Conn. The monstrosity, or freak of nature, or whatever you may call it, is named George Bradley, and is allowed to roam at large as a policeman, making a free exhibition of himself instead of going into a museum as any well regulated curiosity would do. This idiotic "peeler" espied the other day the POLICE GAZETTE's bright boy Ike, parading the streets of New Haven in "Police Gazette" uniform. Jealousy gnawed at the mean soul of the mean "cop." The natty, neat and clean boy was a living reproach to the slouchy and ill-favored "peeler." He wouldn't have such a miniature proof of how clean an officer might be parading around, so he arrested the boy for wearing a police uniform in New Haven. Of course the lad was released at once, after giving the court a lecture (for our boys are as "sassy" as we are), and dressing down the "cop" as he deserved. If we had the say, this fellow, George Bradley, should be punished by being forced to take a bath and keep himself neat and clean after the POLICE GAZETTE model, for a year. At any rate, his case should interest the doctors, since he disproves their theory that there can be no actual cross-breed of animal and man. The ass preponderates in his case in a way that proves he is an exception to the general rule. No wonder this monstrosity "kicked" when he saw what a figure our Ike cut in police uniform. The contrast must have been aggravating, indeed.

MONEY must be plenty, indeed, in the vicinity of New York. It used to be considered a sign of prosperity when a man could own a trotter; but now a fellow doesn't amount to much if he doesn't own a yacht. All the dudes are buying them, and the result on the accepted notions of what constitutes a sailor are likely to be startling. The number of new yachts launched this spring, too, is unprecedented. Now, if a big storm would only come up, after a spell of fine summer weather has lured these dude sailors to seek the open ocean in their craft, and they should all be sent to Davy Jones' locker, what a happy ending that would be? We don't know but that under such conditions we might be induced to get religion, and agree with the crooked parsons that Providence does plot holocausts with fiendish cunning. But there's no such good luck. We are still skeptical. We think Providence will continue to be too, too good—to the millionaires and the dudes.

AMONG the evil work we are accused of having done is this: Since the POLICE GAZETTE took up religious affairs there has been a racking doubt in the minds of husbands with religious wives as to the paternity of their children. Being posted by reading our columns, they have no fears for the present or future—being warned they can guard that; it is the past that worries them. What nonsense! Why should we be blamed if a child resembles the "beloved pastor"? It wasn't the entrance of the POLICE GAZETTE into the home circle that wrought this miracle. It was something anterior and more holy.

THE doctors of Brooklyn are kicking like mules against the new dodge of the persons adding the healing art by miracle to their regular course of spiritual doctoring. The regular physicians are terrified at the prospect. Suppose all the persons of Brooklyn should follow the Rev. Monck's paying practice and add a department of magic medicine to their priestly office! What would become of old Sawbones then? No wonder he rants and raves and howls blasphemy at the new practitioner. Brooklyn is full of fools, and the doctors are losing a big majority of them, owing to the alluring methods of this magician of the pulpit. That's what's the matter with Bolus and all the faculty. It isn't respect for religion, it's jealousy of the size of the boddle.

FISHING on Sunday is wicked in New York and vicinity. And more than that, it's against the law. Oh, they're getting it down fine, these truly moral people. If you let them alone they'll yank us up the golden stairs yet by the scruff of the neck, and fire us wicked ones through the golden gates whether we want to go or not. We ought to be thankful, perhaps, for the care they are taking of our immortal souls. But we are not—in the cussedness of human nature we are led to kick and to protest that they are too blasted fresh, and had better mind their own business. This is a wicked world, though, and we don't see how such good men can live on the same sphere with such awful sinners as we are. To tell the honest truth, we wish they didn't. There would be more happiness all round.

THE mayors of New York and Brooklyn are puzzling themselves over the formalities of the opening of the Brooklyn bridge. Nothing easier. Let Mayor Edson open the proceedings with prayer, and deliver a eulogy on himself, telling how religious and moral and honest a politician can be and yet get along; then let the old board of directors come to the front, explain their accounts, confess how much they made out of the enterprise, and let the whole conclude with the public waltzing over the structure, dancing to the music of the directors and politicians—the people paying the piper, of course. This would make a very fine spectacle, indeed, viewed from the lofty POLICE GAZETTE building, which looks down on, but doesn't overlook, low transactions of this as well as other sorts.

THE Irish question has broken out again on this side of the water. The "patriots" who do all the fierce talking in the safety of American license have no objection to the sacrifice of their brethren on the scaffold. The more there are hanged the louder may the safe "patriots" talk, and the more excuse will there be for demanding liberal money contributions. How strange that the rank and file cannot detect that the loud-mouthed leaders are only after the mighty dollar and the honors, without any of the dangers of the patriotic enterprise. Our sympathies are all with the poor, ignorant but earnest men who are doing the work and mounting the scaffold or filling the prisons, at the behest of a lot of insincere demagogues who do plenty of talking but no leading. Oh, if the British lion could get a grip on some of these cruel leaders once! But he won't! Not much! They'll sacrifice all their ignorant and confiding countrymen first.

MONEY must be plenty, indeed, in the vicinity of New York. It used to be considered a sign of prosperity when a man could own a trotter; but now a fellow doesn't amount to much if he doesn't own a yacht. All the dudes are buying them, and the result on the accepted notions of what constitutes a sailor are likely to be startling. The number of new yachts launched this spring, too, is unprecedented. Now, if a big storm would only come up, after a spell of fine summer weather has lured these dude sailors to seek the open ocean in their craft, and they should all be sent to Davy Jones' locker, what a happy ending that would be? We don't know but that under such conditions we might be induced to get religion, and agree with the crooked parsons that Providence does plot holocausts with fiendish cunning. But there's no such good luck. We are still skeptical. We think Providence will continue to be too, too good—to the millionaires and the dudes.

JEALOUSY AND MURDER.

A Brooklyn Man Kills His Wife and Child and Commits Suicide.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

Another horrible affair excited Brooklyn on Friday, April 27—the third terrible tragedy that has occurred in that city within ten days. On the morning named it was discovered that William Macduff, a diamond broker doing business at No. 73 Nassau street, N. Y., had killed his wife and six-year-old child and committed suicide in his apartments at No. 149 Pulaski street, Brooklyn. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 27th Miss Malley, who resided on the floor above the Macduffs, heard a pistol shot and the fall of a heavy body on the floor below. She imagined, after due deliberation, that the shots were fired outside of the house, and therefore paid no further attention. At half past nine a. m., however, an expressman called and failed to get into the apartments, where he had been ordered to get some goods. In passing upstairs he saw Mrs. Macduff lying on the floor in her sitting-room. On going into the room he found that she was in a pool of blood. A policeman was at once summoned. Mrs. Macduff was found to be dead. There was a bullet hole in the back of her head. She had evidently just arisen and dressed when she was shot. Her back hair was scorched and the skin was blackened where the muzzle of the pistol had been pressed to her head. The dead body of Mr. Macduff was found lying on the floor in the adjoining sleeping room, close to the foot of the bed from which he had arisen to commit a three-fold crime. From a pistol shot wound above the right temple blood had flowed and besmeared the carpet. Beside him lay a five chambered British bulldog revolver, three chambers of which had been discharged. Macduff wore his flannels in which he had slept. Alongside of the bed stood a crib, and in it lay dead the boy Willie, whom the father had evidently killed after shooting his wife. The boy lay as he had slept, with his thumb in his mouth. There was a peaceful expression on his face. The bullet had been fired into his brain just over the right ear, and had caused instant death.

It was apparent that after Mrs. Macduff had got up to attend to her household duties, as the family kept no servant, her husband had stealthily crept up behind her and killed her. She had a dustpan and a brush in her hand. Then he had killed the child and ended his murderous work by putting the pistol to his own head. He left a letter on his dressing case addressed to "J. S. Macduff, No. 73 Bleeker street New York," which reads as follows:

DEAR BROTHER JACK: If anything happens to me I want you to have whatever I may leave. Put Willie and me in your plot; this is my last request. Your unfortunate brother,

WILLIAM.

This was taken in charge by the police and the brother was informed by a dispatch of the tragedy.

The authorities are in doubt as to the cause of the deed, hesitating between attributing it to jealousy or financial disasters. The true cause will probably never be known.

Officer James Quigley of the 9th precinct, one of the most intelligent and efficient officers of the Brooklyn force, was the first to take charge of the remains, and what light there is on the mysterious case is owing to his management and preservation of the clues and indications at hand when the discovery was made.

TRAGEDY ON A TRAIN.

Congressman Thompson Encounters the Seducer of His Wife, and Kills Him in His Tracks.

[Sub-act of Illustration.]

A thrilling event occurred on a railroad train near Harrodsburg, Ky., at 6 a. m., on April 27—the shooting and killing of Walter H. Davis, a prominent business and society man of Harrodsburg, by Congressman Philip B. Thompson of the same place. A sad story of a disgraced home was laid bare by the awful event. Thompson's wife in the early days of her marriage had acquired a taste for strong drinks, but her husband managed to overcome the vice. In December last, however, when Thompson went to Washington, she began to drink again, though in moderation. On his way to Washington Thompson took her, on her request, to Cincinnati and left her with Mrs. Buckner, a relative, at the St. Clare hotel. The next day Davis arrived in Cincinnati and registered at the hotel under an alias. In the afternoon he took her out to drive and returned with her partly drunk. After supper he asked her to go to the opera, and returned with her at 9 o'clock. Mrs. Thompson was then so drunk she could not find Mrs. Buckner's room, where she slept. She asked him to carry her to Mrs. Buckner's room, but instead he carried her to his own apartment and kept her there for over an hour. Miss Jessie Buckner wrote to Thompson of his wife's drunken condition in the hotel, but the other facts he obtained from the hotel keeper and the porter. On Wednesday, April 25, Thompson returned home, and was there two days, but did not meet Davis. On the morning of Friday, April 27, he started for Lexington to look after a barrel factory he has in operation there. On the same train Davis started for Chicago. Four miles from Harrodsburg the passengers change cars. On the first train they did not meet. Thompson entered the second train first, and took a seat about four seats from the door. Davis afterward entered the car, and, advancing toward Thompson, extended his hand and said:

"How do you do, Phil?"

Then Davis arose, drew his pistol, and said: "You don't speak to me."

Davis ran out of the car, running the door. As he reached the steps to the platform, he fired at Davis through the glass. The ball entered the base of his brain and lodged there. Davis fell from the car and rolled down the embankment.

Thompson returned to Harrodsburg and gave himself up to the authorities. In the course of the address he was permitted to make to the judge explaining his crime, the husband thus set forth his wrongs:

* * * * * The deceased (Mr. Davis) took my wife out, and, having plied her with drink against the protest of her friends, until she was utterly besotted, well knowing her infirmity in that regard, continued his application until he carried her to his room, disengaged her, made her the victim, in her unfortunate condition of his degraded lust, then turned her out to wander where she would, until picked up by the night watchman and carried to her friends. This has broken up and destroyed my domestic relations, my peace and happiness. My daughter, dear to me than all else on earth, is an exile from home, an outcast from society. She has robbed herself to sleep in my bosom under this great calamity, part of which only I know. This blood is but a feeble atonement for her tears, and if he had a hundred lives all of them would not atone for this great wrong. For the first time, this morning I met him, and I feel that I did what every man who has a home which he loves, and a daughter dear to him, would do if he has the courage to defend them from wrong.

Judge Hardin expressed his sympathy for the prisoner and released him on \$5,000 bail.

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Vicious Buzz of the Greenroom
Gossips Takes Solid Shape.

Beastly Goings On of the Fakes Exposed with the Assurance that
"Worse Remains Behind."

THERE are going to be too many theatres in New York next season. Somebody's going to get left.

THEY have begun to call Mile. Rhea "the society star." Of what sort of society? Where does she fall from now—the palace of the czar, the set of the prince or the palace of pimples? Speak out; we like to learn all we can about these aristocrats of the stage.

SEE here, Dave Braham, you must cover your tracks better, or some fine day you'll be giving yourself away completely. We touch you up, *apropos* of that "new" song of yours "The Bunch of Berries." It is very pretty, and all that, but it is simply a distortion of an old English ballad, "The Bunch of Watercress." Come, come, old man—you mustn't be so careless in getting up your musical disguises.

HA! HA! HA! Around the square the beery fakes blame the POLICE GAZETTE for the late outgush of scandal that has besmirched the dandy leading men and soiled the reputations of two of our high-toned theatres. The dirty mob! We accept the honors of the accusation! And we are going to give away more of them this summer. We'll be covered with glory of this sort before the fall breezes come to encourage the fake to drop his beer and take to his whisky, his grip-sack and the road.

OSCAR WILDE is coming over here again this summer to rehearse his new play at the Union square theatre. He'd better bring a guardian with him to protect him from the wily American buncro man. We think Oscar has lost something of his grip. He should have brought out his play last year when he was all the rage. Now it will have to stand on its merits alone, and instead of being favorably disposed, the public will be inclined to be hypercritical when it sees his name a foot long on the bills as the author of the piece. He has made a great mistake, we think, in cutting out all but one female character from the play. A drama without a goodly number of pettiroots it loses pliancy for the general public; and without pliancy and female beauty a show doesn't amount to much in this country. Therefore, we have an idea that Oscar is going to get left in some measure, no matter how symmetrical his literary work may prove.

THERE will be no Actors' Exchange built in New York. The POLICE GAZETTE spoiled the racket of the managers by giving them and their designs away to the public, who unanimously went back on them. Now, then, having accomplished this, let us return to that old hobby of ours, the Brooklyn theatre fire fund. Where is it? Who has it? Who is living on it?—Where are the "sufferers" who ever got a cent of it, and what did they suffer? Have the custodians of this fund been scared enough to explain yet, or must we stir up the public until it gives them a regular hair-raising fright?

ONE of the signs of the change in dramatic methods of the times is found in the fact that Ed Thorne will play his "Black Flag" throughout the summer, continuing his course over the dramatic routes as complacently as if there were no barriers of the seasons to interpose and stop the season of the drama. If this undertaking succeed we'll have them all at season engagements will be made for 52 instead of 40 weeks, and Union square will be deserted by the fakes who generally adorn it in the dreary period of the heated terms.

THE general outgush of scandal at present startling the public and opening its eyes to the prevailing standards of theatrical morality and honor, is making more than one man and woman tremble lest they be found out. Those who are the most bitter of the derelict are the ones who have cause for trembling most in secret. There are several scandals coming to a head that must erupt during the summer though, struggle as these hypocrites may to keep their humors out of sight. Oh, no; the public hasn't done with these beastly revelations yet; not by a jugful.

HERE'S food for reflection. The papers last week announced with a grand rhetorical flourish that "Bolosky Kiraly, family and servants, sailed for Havre." "And servants"—mark that. It is only a brief decade since he came over in the steerage without any servants at all, and had to submit to all sorts of kicks and cuts from vulgar ruffian, Old Slime, who imported him. What a gold mine this country is to the high-kickers and artists of various lines of foreign lands! What would they do without it? Surely they wouldn't be voyaging in the first cabin with a plurality of menials. Wonder if any of these people appreciate the land of suckers that mends their fortunes so rapidly.

IT is amusing to see the cohorts of comic opera wallowing in their last ditch, with all their smirking, mashing daisies, the Billies, the Sallies and Jostes, jumbled up in a heap and trying their best to get the Dudes to haul them out on dry land. But it's no good. The jig is up. The dog is dead. The Hydra has lost its last head. Thank heaven! The strongest effort is being made by McCaull at the Casino, but even he is weakening before the signs of the times. That little cockney sheeney Solomons has composed an opera for next season called "The White Sergeant," and is trying to get up a boom for it, but even he begins to see that the day for making successes out of rhyming rot and old tunes spinned in the revamping has passed. What will he do now, poor thing?

WE haven't got rid of the old spook yet. Joe Jefferson, we mean. That wretched old played-out bundle of bones is preparing to gibber through another season of alleged comedy next year. Adele Belgrave will be his leading lady. Goodness gracious gosh! Hasn't he had kicks enough from the public to understand that "Rip Van Winkle" is dead in earnest this time and that the people will only take him for a ghost and lay him out accordingly, if he tries the waking-up dodge again? In short, the public is heartily sick of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and we tell him so in plain language. It's a wonder, though, he has not been able to detect this for himself. Avarice blinds him, probably. When the money is removed he'll see perforce, and retire, we suppose. That will

be the result of his attempt to play his old dramatic game next year. Why doesn't he foresee things and avoid the humiliation?

THE German drama isn't so frisky in New York as it was last season. The beer capitalists who took the graces in hand find that it is better to stick to their beer, so they've toned down considerably, and withdrawn to their saloons, leaving the Dutch Mel pomene to waddle along as best she can. Good! We were sick of this beer saloon drama. Now, when are the palace beer saloons themselves to be squelched? That is the next reform needed. These Dutch dens are ruining the women of the "perfesh" in great numbers, and when they get off duty this summer with plenty of money in their pockets, actresses will go to the devil by the dozen via the 14th street palaces, set up by the remorseless representatives of Gambrinus. These places will be the centres of shocking episodes and scandals during the summer vacation, that will blacken the dramatic profession a hundred fold more than the affairs of Tearle, Conway and De Belleville.

LONG-LIMBED Mary is really going abroad. Col. Ham is inexorable—the British public must suffer. Mary will play, as long as they will let her, in London. We're betting that when Col. Ham and "me talented chee-ld, sah," come home, it will be on their respective aural appendages. "Yes, by Gawd, sah," and they'll each measure a clear foot less in height and general bigness in their own estimation than when they went away. Mary is not a good actress. She is not even mediocre. Judged away from home by the critical tests of strangers' judgment, she will be found sadly deficient, and her tumble is going to be all the more severe from the lofty height to which she has been boosted by Papa Ham and the spoony critics she has mashed. It's going to be a terrible tumble, and we want to get out of the way when it comes, for the spectacle is going to be one of unparalleled horror when Mary and Col. Ham take the fatal leap and go all to pieces.

THEY still keep at it, the alleged actors who give instruction in the dramatic art. They all advertise themselves as "distinguished actors," but we never heard of a single one of them except Emma Waller, and we never thought much of her as an actress. She tackled Meg Merriles once, and just pulled through, but did better with "The Duchess of Malfi," a dismal, dreary, horrible old style play. She at least, can give some sort of instruction, but as for the rest of them, if they were ever on the stage they were the nobodies of the "perfesh," and they have gone to teaching what they don't know, because they have failed to convince the public that they have learned it themselves. And these people drive a good trade, too. They are rolling in wealth, so to speak. There are always suckers who are ready to fall into the nets of these humbugs, who, on the whole, have a better thing of it than the thoroughly competent members of the dramatic profession, who have to toil through the legitimate duties of their art for fixed pay. It's the old story; it's better to seem to be than to really be—better to be a humbug than the genuine thing.

OH, ROT! A correspondent of one of the western papers writes a column or two of theatrical gossip, touching the gentleness and womanly feeling of the charming Lotta, and the meekness and gentility of the dove-eyed manager, Henry E. Abbey. The brand of free tickets is on the whole article. Womanly feeling—Christian goodness—meekness—gentility! Faugh! We remember a certain night when an actor of this meek Lotta's company fell dead at the close of an act, and she and her manager, Abbey, refused the request of the horrified company that the play should end there and the audience be dismissed. The money-grasping couple insisted that the play should go on—a silly comic drama—while a comrade's corpslay in the aisle scenes, the audience being ignorant of the fact that death, and not the regular stage manager, had cut out the missing character from the cast. This was in Toledo, O., some six years ago. And they talk about these people being refined and Christian and womanly!

MAPLESON's mob has taken flight across the water to salt away the big money they have scooped in from the American public. This opera humbug should be exposed to the public. The people who have formed the body of the companies brought over here have been fifth-rate always, and even worse in special instances. With all the talk about the two rival opera houses we are to have in New York next year, it is evident to us that there is going to be no improvement. There are going to be two sulce companies in full blast instead of one. One or two stars are going to be well paid, and are to be surrounded by crude beginners or played out veterans with wornout voices.

The public should be encouraged to revolt against this policy, if for nothing else but to resent the implied insult to its intelligence. If grand opera is to be done here, let it be done right—not with a single star feature, but with all features, down to the smallest artistic in their way. We have ceased to be barbarians in this part of the country, and it is well to remind would-be operatic managers that it is not safe to treat our public as if they were lately civilized Zulus, barring the complexion. The plane Mr. Abbey has laid out for the season at the new Metropolitan opera house need thorough revision in the light of these remarks.

WHAT folly or what idiot counselled Clara Morris to accept a position as leading support to that great, roaring, soap chewing, scene-eater Salvini? She had no sort of chance to make a point, and had she been guided by common sense she would have known better than to have undertaken it. In the first place, none of the female roles in Salvini's pieces afford an opportunity for the development of her fine talent. The best of these parts is *Emilia*, in "Othello," and that is simply a one-speech role that "acts itself," and is only calculated to bring down the gallery in one scene. Miss Morris is an emotional actress, whose fine touches and electrical spasms of human sentiment are most artistic and effective; but with such a roaring bull as Salvini, she was completely drowned out. An audience almost deafened by the clashing and beating of the Salvini cymbals and bass drum, was in no mood to listen to or appreciate the Morris lute, however sweet and dreamy the music. What a fool she was to accept such a position with this Italian roarer! What are her advisers up to? Do they wish to break down her artistic reputation altogether? It looks like it.

LESTER WALLACE is going to tempt the fates again in a tour of the west. The last time he tried it he came back on his ear. He has changed his "Mascotte," though, and hopes to make a go of it. Lizzie

McCall is the new fairy who will play the "lead" and invoke good luck for the old man. She replaces Kate Bartlett, who has been the *Mascotte* of many seasons past. Whether Kate has lost her fetch, or has gone out of the business of stage magic, does not appear; only the fact remains that she has been replaced by Lizzie McCall, who, we assure her, is taking a big contract in trying to play magic on the people of the western circuits with such a subject as Grandpop Lester. His reputation was always metropolitan. He was set up years ago by a certain clique of would-be aristocrats, as the epitome of the "genteele" and the highly polished in the way of stage manners and affectations. When Turveydrop got 100 miles west of New York, though, he found the people didn't care a Continental for deportment—that they wanted to see an actor, and were willing to dispense with all the dainty qualities and affectations that gave the Wallack idol his distinctiveness and his grip. He may do better this time with his new "Mascotte," but we doubt it. We think the old man must be going into his second childhood to change leading ladies at this time of life and undertake such difficult works as even young men would not expect to accomplish without great effort.

GEORGE KNIGHT, the only actor of the whole lot of Dutch comedians, is going over to England with "The Tourists," and will play at that ragged extravaganza, abandoning his own starring plays. You've got into queer company, George. You belong on a higher plane than that on which that Mastayer burlesque moves. This isn't doing yourself artistic justice. One thing is sure—neither fame nor money is to be made with such a play on the other side.

THE Prince of Wales has cast his eyes on the American preserves of actresses, and intends to draw therefrom for the queens of beauty for his "set." Old John Ryder, the teacher of actresses, is his agent, and is authorized to import rare specimens to the prince's aviary. The first one to go is Adelaide Detchon, who, old Ryder pretends he is going to teach to act. What would be? What does he take us for, anyhow? It takes a neater lie than that, John, to stand us off. The plump and attractive Adelaide will, it is said, give readings at the houses of the nobility, and will naturally pose as the queen of beauty, vice Langtry the disloyal, who has transferred her allegiance from a prince to a duke. That an American woman of the actress species would be ambitious of such questionable ferment need occasion no surprise. The woods are full of them—women who would go much farther and do much worse for ambition's sake than Miss Detchon proposes to do. A prince as a patron! Land sakes, alive! How jealous they will all be of Adelaide!

THE regular summer engagement of prominent actresses for European tours, as the companions of wealthy young bloods, are being made very briskly and at the usual high rates. This business of the summer season is becoming more open and shameless every year. The women even begin to advertise the fact. You read in the papers that "the charming Miss Jones, now playing with Timothy Snide's Asteroids, will pass the summer in Europe, returning in the fall to resume her position in the company." Everyone knows that during the season Miss Jones has been getting a salary of only \$25 a week, and buying clothes such as a millionaire's daughter would consider appropriate to her station, while her board bill alone has exceeded her salary by \$5 every week. No one in the "perfesh" is surprised at these marvels, when this announcement comes that Miss Jones is going to pass her vacation abroad. The hypocrisies of the stage want you to make no inquiries on this point. They expect us to pass it over when we know that Miss Jones and the majority of the new school actresses regularly hire themselves out to the broths to go on these trips across the water. We can't be gagged though—that is pretty definitely settled, we think—and we're going to give Miss Jones and the broths away every time.

MRS. LANGTRY is so sure she has caught on with the American public, as an actress, that she has been at no pains to conceal her natural peevishness and arrogance. Neither have she and Freddie continued their old moral pretences. They have not been at the usual pains of late to protest their immaculate relations. They grow bolder as the time passes, and make more accusations against themselves by their conduct than even Mrs. Labouchere had the heart to make when she was in the height of her rage with the Lily. Next season Freddie is going to be her manager all alone, Abbey being fired out. We'll bet the party will walk home before Christmas, even if Gebhard's induction lasts that long. Langtry has demonstrated that she will never make an actress. She will always be a masher—nothing more. It is a fine commentary on the state of the stage when this woman can force herself before us as an actress and hold her position without the least spark of talent and with no interest about her except the stains of a prince's touch, the British brand of the broad arrow somewhere about her, her alleged beauty and her defiant violation of all the rules that o'er women bow to. That she not only escapes the penalty, but gets the rewards of wealth, is demoralizing to all women. We shall await the opening of next season with anxiety. We want to know if this sort of pretended art can be perpetuated. We think not.

THERE is a great deal of gush wasted on the cussedness of Miss Minnie Conway and her mash, the actor Tearle. The fact about this affair is, it is simply one of those off-color attachments that are common and even general in the dramatic profession. We have said so all along, and these events are simply proving our assertion. Miss Conway married Levy with her eyes open. She knew he had another wife, but she didn't care a darn, and said so. She waited eight years to find her affinity in an actor, and then went to the trouble to prove in court that her marriage was a fraud and that her two children were illegitimate in consequence. All this to remove the whimpering husband and his protestations of his rights in the matter, and leave the road clear for her and Tearle to dispise in true theatrical style. The sympathy in this case, if there be any to spare, should, we think, be bestowed on Levy. He was a great soft, silly booby in his love affair, and couldn't meet his friends for a year past without raving about his "darling Minnie." He even went so far last summer at Brighton Beach as to read to them the loving letters she sent him from Paris. He was a great bore to all of us fellows of the press, for this reason, but he was "dead gone on" her, and had given up absolutely all his large earnings to her. She had no right to ill-treat him in this fashion, if you come right down to the sentimental view of it, and when you talk of sympathy we insist that he deserves it all.

But we are not emotional. We prefer to be cynical, that is our province. We view this matter in a purely dramatic light and we find it not at all surprising. The same thing has been happening among actors and actresses for the past 20 years to our personal knowledge, and until the POLICE GAZETTE adverted to the peculiarities of dramatic sensuality, no one thought the state of things worthy of remark. When De Belleville went wrong and we heard of Tearle criticizing and condemning him in a barroom, we indignantly stated that there were men in the same boat with the actor they were making a scapegoat of, and that they bore blacker hearts and more disgraceful scars if they could only be seen. Now that Tearle has been found out in his turn and the act of mirth is howling at him, we assure the public there is scarcely one of them who is better off morally than he. There is only a little time necessary to bring them into the same fix as he finds himself in to day. But really, all this fuss is ridiculous to us since we know so much of the stage and are so sure that the present black sheep is almost an angel compared with the great majority of the "perfesh" who haven't been found out yet. We call on the green journalists who are working the sympathetic racket to turn off the faucet and stop the flood.

MISS MATTIE GOES ASTRAY.

A Society Lady Disappears from Home and the Police Seek Her in Queer Places.

There is a social sensation in Green Bay, Wis. On March 26 a young lady, Miss Mattie Smith, said to be a beautiful person, was on a visit to that place from her home at Madison, Wis. On that date she left her friends, ostensibly, to return home, but has not been seen since by any of her friends. After that date, however, it is said she was seen in Chicago, and the police of that city began a search for her on April 11.

The family of the young lady are highly connected, being relatives of ex-Congressman J. D. Knouse of Wisconsin, and other families of wealth. She is said to be peculiarly charming, being finely educated and refined by nature. Her friends fear that she has become insane, but there seems to be no occasion for the belief further than her action in leaving her home, as she has never shown any tendency toward insanity.

At home she was much sought after socially, but it is said, bestowed her smiles and young attractions upon a young man named Willie Collett of Green Bay, who measures tape and embroidery behind a counter in the dry goods store of Johannes Bros. Young Collett was taxed by the young lady's friends with knowing her whereabouts, but denied all such knowledge. He admitted, however, that before the young lady had left she had quarreled with him, but said that it was only a lovers' quarrel, and that they had "made up" again. Miss Smith had requested him to accompany her to the train when she left for home, which he did, and he saw her safely started for Madison. The friends of the young lady do not believe that she purpose to enter upon a life of shame, but the opinion of the detectives may easily be inferred by the order issued for the search, which is to thoroughly scour State street and the various houses of ill-fame throughout Chicago. It is believed very probable that, if he went to Chicago, she did not stay in the city, but has gone farther east—probably to New York.

A COUNTERJUMPER'S SCANDAL.

He Fires Off His Mouth and Another Man Fires Off a Pistol.

A dandy dry goods clerk of Dallas, Texas, named Frees, employed in Sanger's store in that town, has for some time back been spreading scandalous stories about the wife of Prof. J. R. Malone of the above named city. On the night of April 10, the professor met the clerk in the street and demanded a retraction of the slanders he had put in circulation. Frees refused to retract, and the professor slapped him in the face, whereupon Frees struck the professor in the face with something which cut an ugly gash and knocked him down. At this juncture Claude Malone, a son of Prof. Malone, appeared on the scene, and, drawing a pistol, shot at Frees, but missed him, and hit his father, the bullet taking effect in his back between the left shoulder and spinal column, producing a painful, though not serious, wound. Physicians probed for the ball, and found it lodged in a muscle. The affair created quite a sensation. The reports circulated by Frees in regard to Mrs. Malone are not credited, and sympathy is with Malone. There are just enough mean gossips in Dallas, however, to keep the story going.

THE SUCKER FISHERIES.

A Wealthy Widow Bites at the Old Bait and is Caught.

Some months ago a flashily rigged man of plausible address and possessed of some good looks and super abundance of cheek, turned up in Cleveland, O. He said his name was A. C. Long, represented himself a man of wealth, said he owned a large hotel at Charleville, Michigan, and was on the lookout for a wife who had a little money and who could "boss" the establishment for him. He was considered a great catch and society took to him eagerly.

Mary A. Peet, a well-to-do widow, caught the bait, and the couple were married a few months ago. Immediately after the wedding Mr. Long was in a hurry to go to Michigan, so he packed up his household goods and personal property of considerable value belonging to his bride and shipped them. He also took several hundred dollars in money and valuable jewelry belonging to the woman. He left with the goods with the intention of coming back for his wife in a few days. Nothing has been heard of him since, and the deserted wife, confident that he was a rank fraud, applied for a divorce in the common pleas court, on April 17.

A DANGEROUS FLIRT.

Finding Two is Company, and Three None, She Shoots Her Extra Swain.

Flirtation and courtship in the west are decidedly serious and often dangerous business. If Collin is no slouch out there, Phyllis is no chump either, and she'll stand no foolishness. A Rochester, Indiana, woman proved this on the night of April 8. She was enjoying a quiet little promenade and flirtation on the sly with a nice young chap who was to her taste, when she was met by Charles Mann, who insisted that she should shake her mask on the spot and go with him, or he would "give her away." She refused and when he tried to force her to go along she drew a revolver from her bosom and shot him twice, inflicting serious wounds. That's the kind of ladies they raise out there. Of course all the parties were church members.

Gus Lambert.

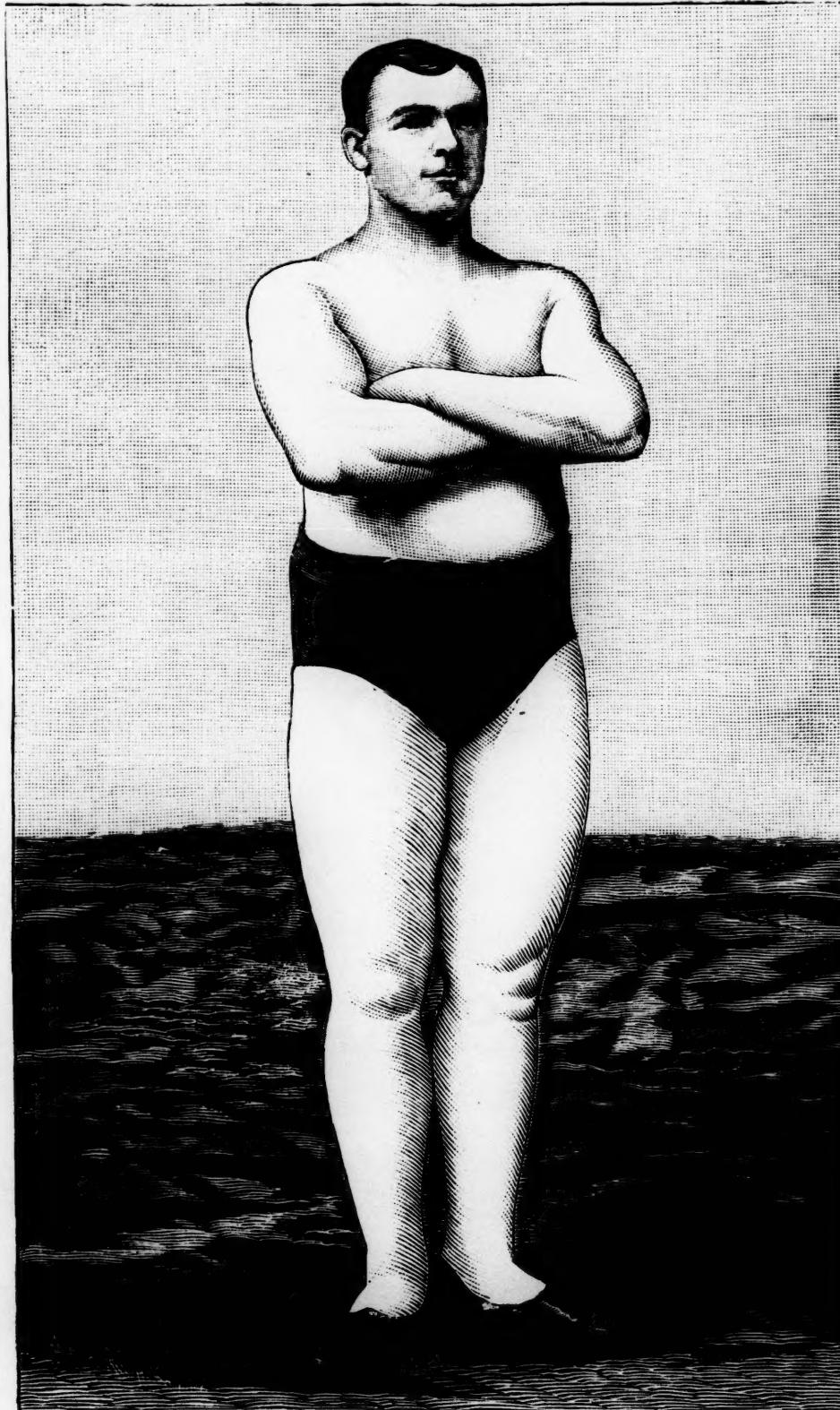
Esdras Lambert, better known as Gus Lambert, was born of French-Canadian parents at St. Guillaume, Canada, in 1850. He stands 5 ft 8 in height, and weighs 180 lbs stripped. His feats at Graeco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can and collar-and-elbow wrestling and dumbbell lifting are remarkable. He is also a noted boxer. He puts up a dumbbell weighing 175 lbs above his head with a steady push. In early boyhood his parents removed to Connecticut, where he remained with them until 1870, when he left them to enter professional life in New York. His first wrestling match was with Wm. Johnson, the conditions collar-and-elbow wrestling, and he was defeated at Harry Hill's theatre inside of 35m. His next match at collar and elbow was with W. H. Burns, which took place at Palace music hall, Newark, N. J., on Jan. 3, 1881, for \$25 a side, best three in five falls, in which he won the first three falls and the match in less than 30m. His next match was with William Johnston, collar-and-elbow style, for \$25 a side, at Harry Hill's theatre, Harry Hill acting as referee. After wrestling for 1h 30m, it was declared a draw. He then joined the Whistler and Muldoon combination.

While in Cleveland, Ohio, he wrestled with Dick Pooler for a purse of \$100, collar and elbow. They wrestled for 2h 30m, at Armory hall, on January 21, 1882, and the match was declared a draw. On Feb. 15, 1882, he met Black Sam at Owney Geoghegan's. A number of sporting men being present, and wishing to see which of the two was the better wrestler, made up a purse to be contested for between them. After wrestling for over one hour it was decided to call it a draw, on account of Sam's harness being torn off his back. On May 10, 1882, he fought a glove fight with Wm. McCollum, four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$25. McCullum was declared the winner. Four weeks from that date he again met McCullum for a purse of \$50, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and defeated him in three rounds, McCullum being unable to come up for the final round. On June 20, 1882, he wrestled John Blackburn at Odd Fellows' hall, Newark, N. J., for \$100 a side, and threw him so heavily the first fall that it was deemed unnecessary for him to continue the match.

On December 28, 1882, at Volk's garden theatre, New York, he wrestled John McMahon, champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the world, for \$250 a side. He threw McMahon in the first bout, but was thrown in the two following, thereby losing the match and money. Wm. E. Harding acted as referee on this occasion. On Jan. 4, 1883, he was tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's, and wound up in a boxing match with John Hughes, better known as the dangerous blacksmith. It was to be four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, but Hughes came up very weak for the third round, and was compelled to stop considerably damaged. On Jan. 29, 1883, he won the champion gold medal offered to the best collar-and-elbow wrestler of Connecticut, by defeating Sam Cooley of Hartford, at Steiner hall, Norwich, Conn. Lambert is now engaged with Harry Woodford (the Black Diamond) at John H. Clark's Olympic garden, Philadelphia, Pa., filling a sparring engagement. Mr. Clark offered \$50 to any man who could throw Lambert one fall, collar and elbow. D. W. Flagg, the champion of Massachusetts, accepted the challenge on April 21, but Lambert threw him squarely on his back in 30 seconds.

Two Women of the Stage.

The dramatic profession is getting a pretty bad turning over and exposure on all sides and in every phase and degree from highest to lowest. Among the minor cases of scandal there are



GUS LAMBERT,
THE FAMOUS WRESTLER, BOXER AND GENERAL ATHLETE.
[Photo. by John Wood, POLICE GAZETTE Photographer.]

two reported that have culminated tragically. On April 13, in the Leadville, Colo., almshouse, there died in abject poverty the divorced wife of Charles L. Davis, the actor, who is known by his successful performance of the part of "Alvin Jostyn." He has been fairly rolling in wealth, while she has sunk into poverty and disgrace. Her last stage name was Emma Verne. Several years since, when she was

young and pretty, she figured on the variety stage in the eastern theatres as Cora Cushman, and commanded "big money" as a serio comic. Davis, then a variety man himself, fell in love with and married her. They traveled together and did a double act for several seasons, but he says he found she was "crooked," and they separated. She went to Leadville, and, taking to drink, sank to the depths of degradation, and

died, as stated above, in the almshouse. Her body was taken in charge by her relatives—respectable people of Binghamton, N. Y.

Another case of stage scandal, but with a tragic ending, occurred in Lansing on April 24, A. D. Clark, a wealthy real estate broker of Battle Creek, had been in Lansing several days in company with a young woman known in theatrical circles as Frankie Carr. On April 21 Clark's wife suddenly appeared on the scene, accompanied by her two small children, and surprised the pair in their hotel, and after an altercation shot the actress, Miss Carr, inflicting a wound that it is feared will prove fatal.

A Game Canine.

One of the gamest dogs that this country ever produced is Centre Market Jack, who justly deserves the title of champion. In November, 1881, he fought the celebrated dog Slasher, and killed him in 1h 6m. In December, 1881, he killed in the pit the imported dog Tilden, after a fight lasting 2h 3m. Tilden had won seven battles in England. In February, 1882, he defeated the imported dog Punch in 58m. The defeated dog had a record of four victories in England. In December, 1882, he met and killed the celebrated dog Flatcatcher, after a desperate battle of 1h 40m.

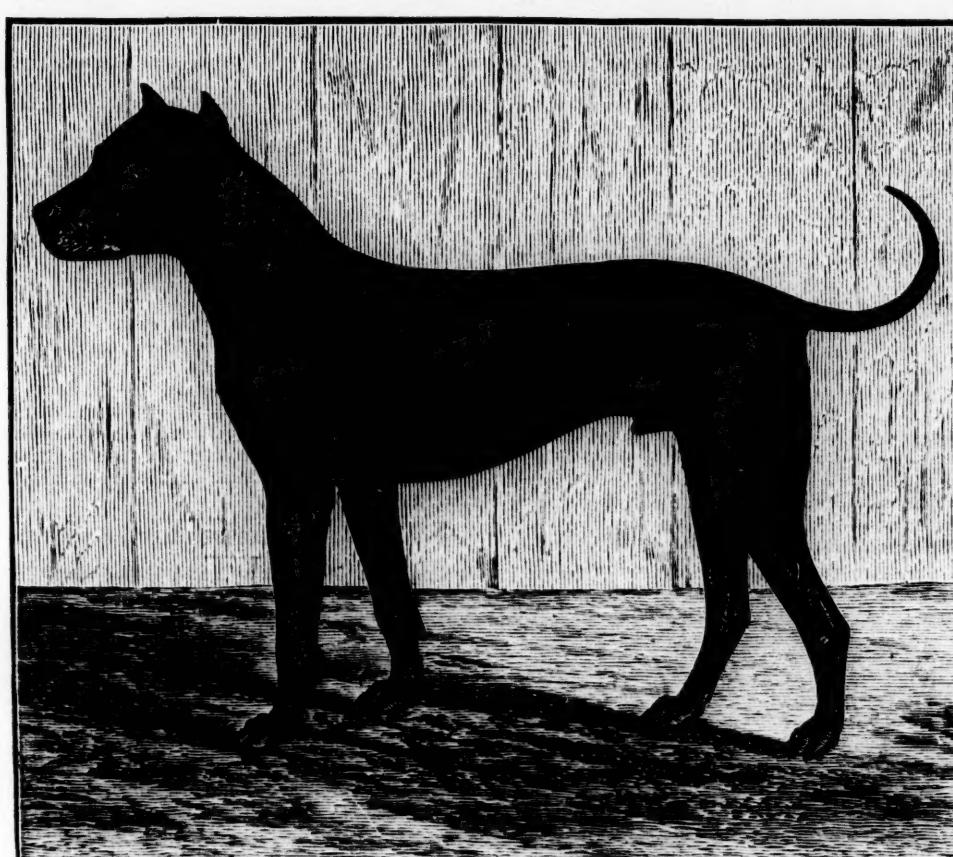
Jack is in color a red brindle, weighing 20½ lbs fighting weight, sired by Tip out of Young Fly; Tip was by Dexter and Old Fly; Young Fly by Noble's Tip and Dodger. Jack is now owned by a gentleman sportsman well known in the western country and in this city. His admiration for the little dog is such that he has recently announced that Jack shall never fight again, but shall retire on the laurels he has so gallantly won.

A Famous Racing Dog.

The racing record of David Scowcroft's barred and white bitch, champion of America, is as follows: June 17, 1882, beat Arthur Chambers' brown bitch Let Her Come, for \$250 a side, at Pastime park, Philadelphia. Beat her again one hour after, same terms, for \$100 a side. Won James Dumont handicap at Pastime park July 15, 1882. Beat Arthur Chambers' brown bitch Let Her Come January 29, 1883, for \$100 a side. Was entered to run for the POLICE GAZETTE gold dog collar February 12, which race is still in dispute, owing to Arthur Chambers, on the day of the race, weighing his blue and white bitch in place of his brown bitch Let Her Come. Her last and best performance was on February 13, when she beat Arthur Chambers' blue and white Let Her Come, 24½ lbs weight, Maud S, 19 lbs, receiving 4½ yards start, being at the time dead lame, having had one of her claws pulled off a few days before by accident.

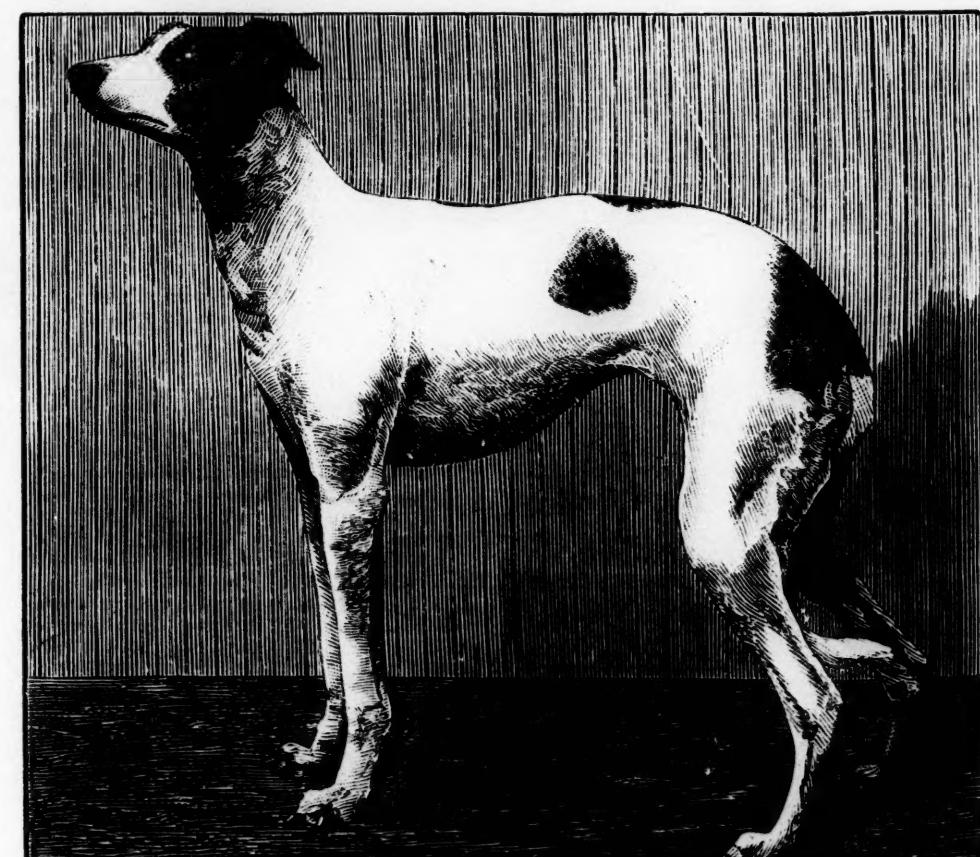
A Damself Decoyed.

In Baltimore, Md., on April 19, George Moran, representing himself as a physician, was committed on three charges of false pretences. As he was being removed to a cell, a police captain preferred additional charges against him of having enticed a young girl away from her home for immoral purposes. The spectators were excluded from the courtroom, and two ladies entered, one a pretty brunette of 18, the other her mother. The daughter was sworn, and testified that she replied to an advertisement of Moran's, and, with the consent of her parents, left with him to accept a lucrative position at Frederick, Md. He induced her to get off at the Relay house, and, through false representations, etc., compelled her to occupy the same room with him all night. She asserts that he did not assault her. He succeeded in fleecing both ladies out of a small sum of money. Moran was committed for trial.



"CENTRE MARKET JACK,"

THE FAMOUS AMERICAN FIGHTING DOG.



MAUD S.,

THE CHAMPION RACING CANINE OF PATERSON, N. J.



CHARLES HIGHAM,

THE MAN WHO SENT A BULLET THROUGH INVENTOR EAMES' BRAIN.



FREDERICK W. EAMES,

THE WELL-KNOWN INVENTOR, MURDERED AT WATERTOWN, N. Y.

A Hopeless Case.

Henry C. Mylus, alias Henry Muller, is an undersized Dutch sheeny of repulsive appearance. He is about 40 years of age, and has spent 11 years and 6 months of that time in prison for burglary, grand larceny and forgery. He was converted to Christianity on the 16th of August last, and five days later was sent to Blackwell's Island penitentiary, New York, for stealing a watch from a Broadway jeweler. After his release he again became converted and joined the Salvation army; but this proving a poor line of business, he drifted into Michael Dunn's Convicts' home, near police headquarters. Here he made the acquaintance of Lizzie Fox, a handsome young Englishwoman, who, despite his extreme homeliness, fell deeply in love with him. He sent the woman to Philadelphia, after getting all the money he could from her, and little by little gave her the "dead shake." This heartless abandonment so preyed upon her mind, that on April 15th she committed suicide by taking paris green, leaving Mylus all her money and jewelry.

A few days later the "boss" of the Convicts' home learned that Mylus had presented a letter forged in his name to John C. Taylor, secretary of the Prisoners' association of Hartford, Conn., asking for money and assistance. Inquiry revealed the fact that Mylus had been up to his old tricks, and had swindled several persons and business firms. He suddenly left the city, and was not heard of until April 23, when he came to the Convicts' home to seek religious consolation for the sudden bereavement that had befallen him in the death of Miss Fox. He had just come from Philadelphia, where he had been to obtain the money she left him. Dunn was thoroughly disgusted with his convert by



HENRY C. MYLUS,

THE ADONIS-LIKE THIEF FOR WHOM A PRETTY WOMAN COMMITTED SUICIDE.

this time, and sent to police headquarters for Detective Healey, who arrested the clever rascal and put him under lock and key.

Bound to See the Show.

Woman's love for weddings is well known. It double-discounts her admiration of funerals. A front seat at a fashionable wedding in a church is almost as desirable as a seat at the opera. A young belle's anxiety to obtain an eligible position at a recent marriage ceremony in a New York church, occasioned much comment. Being denied by the usher a seat in the portion of the aisle set apart for the specially

invited guests, she nimbly cleared the silken scarf that barred her way, and comfortably settled into a pew.

A Polite Hubby.

A chivalrous husband is quoted in Indianapolis, Ind.: Some months ago James Chambers was shot by a man whom he found in his wife's bedroom, hid in a closet. To quell scandal, he said he did not know who it was, but it was generally believed to be R. Frank Pearl, an insurance man. On April 18 it transpired that Mr. Pearl and Mrs. Chambers abandoned their respective legal partners a week before and disappeared. The remaining couple are of the opinion that the truants are together, and Mr. Chambers has gone so far as to direct his attorney to bring suit for divorce, but he will allege only incompatibility of temperament, without further developments.

An Emulator of McGloin.

Early on Sunday, April 22, Frank and James Martin, brothers, quarreled in T. W. Dair's liquor store, No. 1,311 Third avenue, with a

coachman named Peter Ratel, over the merits of one of Owney Geoghegan's clog dancers. Finally Ratel got up and left the saloon. He was soon followed by the brothers, however, one of whom, Frank, deliberately shot at him twice with his revolver. Both shots took effect, one bullet lodging in the unfortunate coachman's brain. The brothers then ran away, but were subsequently captured and lodged in jail. The murderer, although but 19 years of age, is a desperate criminal. He can best be compared with Michael McGloin, recently hanged in New York city for the murder of a saloonkeeper.

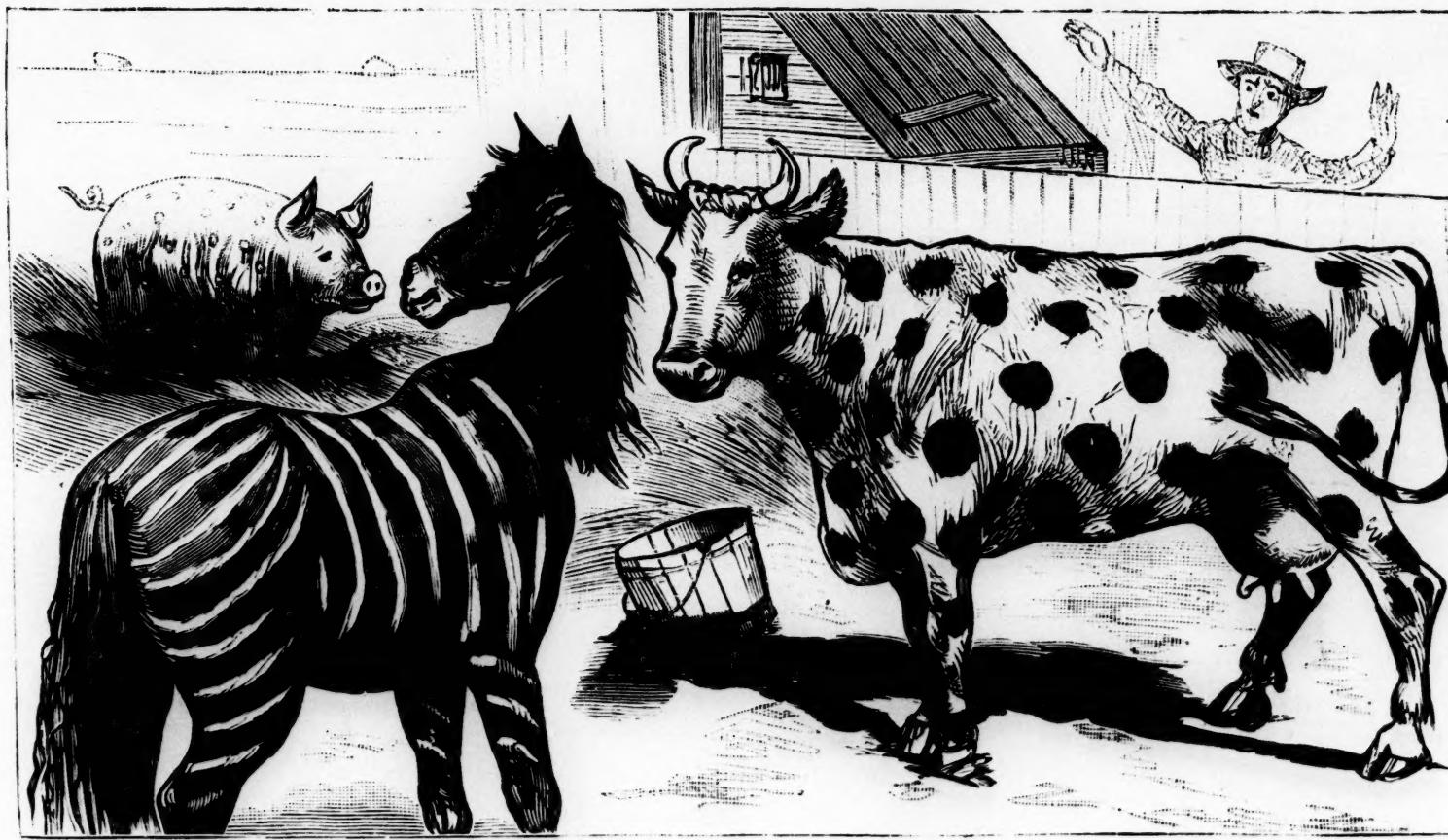
A Home-Made Menagerie.

The circus is again abroad in the land. Its vans are wandering over the quiet country roads. Its tent pole is raised daily in vacant places in bucolic towns, and in the night it folds its tents

like the Arabs and silently steals away. But it leaves behind regrets and longings in the rural female heart, and aspirations and a desire to imitate the breakneck acts in the head of the suburban youth. The "greatest show on earth" (it is not necessary to name which show, as, according to the bills, all are the greatest,) lately visited Kingsley, Iowa. Little Jimmy Partridge visited the show. He was particularly struck by the menagerie, and pined because the stock in his father's farm yard were not arrayed like one of these. He determined to make art do what nature had neglected, and, with the aid of a paintpot and brush, he transformed the quiet animals into zebras, leopards, tigers and other rovers of the forest and jungle, much to the astonishment of his worthy parent.

The Drummer and the Tiger.

A drummer, J. C. Gresson, aged 45, who travels in Utah and Colorado, for a Cleveland, O., clothing house, lost \$1,500 of the firm's money in a faro game in Denver, Col., on April 18, and was locked up. The firm refused to prosecute finally and he was released on promising to make good.



A HOME-MADE MENAGERIE.

AN IOWA BOY WHO HAS BEEN TO THE CIRCUS, TRANSFORMS THE BARNYARD ANIMALS INTO CURIOSITIES.



FRANCIS J. MARTIN,

THE YOUNG "TOUGH" WHO MURDERED PETER RATEL, NEW YORK, APRIL 22.

The western gamblers make a rich harvest out of the drummers every spring, and Denver is their best tramping ground.

A mob of 75 negroes took a negro named Sam Lewis from his guard at Amberson, Ala., on the night of April 5, and hanged him. Sam was accused of having murdered another moko.

THE
FEMALE SPORTS
OF
NEW YORK.
BY
ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIVE CENT FAN.

A queer name for a sport isn't it? Well, she earned it. It might be Five Dollar Fan now, but the old name sticks to her still, and this is how she came by it:

On a rainy evening some 12 years ago, a reporter on one of the daily papers waited for a car in a doorway on Clinton place. A female figure approached him. It was a young woman with a pretty and innocent face. She was neatly dressed with a cheap jacket fitting her trim form snugly. She asked the reporter:

"Will you please give me a car fare, sir?"

"Where do you want to go?" he queried.

"To 9th street," she answered. "I have been detained at the store and have lost my purse. The reporter put a dime in her hand and she exclaimed with fervor:

"Oh! thank you, sir. Now I'll take the car at Third avenue."

The reporter offered her the shelter of his umbrella to the station but she cried:

"I couldn't think of imposing on you further, indeed, sir," and tripped off through the wet at a pace that precluded reply.

The reporter's car not coming, he strolled on a couple of minutes later in the same direction the young girl had taken. As he neared the corner, he saw her speaking to an elderly gentleman. The elderly gentleman put out his hand, it touched hers, and the latter sought her pocket. She went half a block in the other direction and then halted a young workingman with a big bundle under his arm. The young man spoke some minutes to her, and when they separated her hand went into her pocket again.

The Bohemian was sufficiently interested by this time to forget his previous engagement. For an hour he pursued the innocent maiden on her devious way to 9th street, through Clinton place, from Sixth to Third avenues and back to the other side again. She stopped 37 men in that space, and more than half of them gave her something. Twice she went into saloons and drank, coming out to resume her weary journey to Harlem, with the usual halts. At ten o'clock she went into one of the music gardens near Broadway.

The reporter followed her. She went through to the rear of the hall and sat down at a table where a young fellow in a flashy suit and with a vicious but handsome face was dozing drunkenly behind a mug of beer. The young man woke up and the pair engaged in conversation, while the girl transferred to him a handful of silver and copper.

The couple drank beer, and the young fellow ate some oysters. At 11 o'clock they went out.

It was still raining, but the girl walked ahead in the wet, while her companion brought up the rear under an umbrella. She stopped nearly every man she met until, near Fifth avenue, she halted an old gentleman and a lady who were hurrying on arm in arm. As she did so her companion gave a whistle and walked swiftly by. At the same moment a policeman bounced out of a store doorway at the girl. But she eluded him and ran down Fifth avenue like a deer.

"She's the biggest fraud out, sir," observed the policeman to the old gentleman and lady. "That pretty face of hers is the greatest lie that was ever told. She's been working this game along these two weeks now, but if ever I catch her she'll take a rest for a while, see if she don't."

To the reporter who questioned him, the officer said:

"We call her 'Five Cent Fan.' I don't know what her name is. The fellow who travels with her is a pickpocket, down in the books as 'Handsome Dan.' He has done time. He used to be a song and dance man, and was sent up in Philadelphia for robbing the clothes of the other actors at a dive where he played. When he came out he emigrated to New York. He's been arrested half a dozen times, but somehow has managed to slip out every time. Lately he's put his girl up to this dodge, and you see how it works yourself. There's hardly a man walks the street that would refuse a girl with her looks & coin, so you can imagine what she makes by it. She was the occasion of a funny row the other night. There's an old gentleman who has a warroom on the second floor of a house just below Fifth avenue, and lives in one of the rooms with his wife. He came home late the other night and Fan struck him for a fare as he was opening his door. He commenced to talk to her, and while he was at it his wife, who had heard him open the door, came down to see what kept him. She caught him passing Fan a half dollar, and of all the rows you ever heard! The old lady swore she was one of the street girls, and that her hubby had been flirting with her. The way she carried on was an able-bodied riot. I got them to go indoors, but not before half a dozen officers were on the spot, and a crowd big enough to make a circus pay. It would have been a cold day for Fan if the old lady had got hold of her then. She'd have spoiled her innocence for her, and you just make a note of it."

The reporter did. But he did more, too. He had become interested in the girl, and, with true reporter's push, determined to know more about her.

Now, when a New York reporter makes his mind up to anything he generally reaches it. This one, whom I will call Jones for short, laid in wait for his prey night after night until he hunted her down. She lived in a quiet lodging house on Avenue A. Handsome Dan, in the meantime, had been tripped up at one of his pet exploits, and sent up the river to do the state some service.

Jones called on his fair victim one morning before breakfast. The slatternly servant who admitted him sent him up to her room at once. It was evident that she was in the habit of receiving callers at home. He knocked at the modest hall bedroom door.

"Come in," called a voice. He obeyed.

He found himself in a small room, whose furniture consisted of a bed, a washstand, a chair and a trunk. Fan was in bed, her uncovered charms veiled only by the sheet, for it was midsummer and the room was roasting hot. There was a bottle on the chair within her reach and she looked as if she had been consoling herself in spirit for the absence of Hand some Dan.

When Jones closed the door behind him she rubbed her eyes.

"Why, what's this?" she asked.
"It's me," returned Jones, coolly.
"And who are you?"
"A friend."
"You must have made yourself one, then, for I don't know you."

"You don't remember me, you mean."
"I'll swear I don't."
"I'll believe you without it."
"Where did I ever see you, then?"

Jones told her. She laughed and said:

"Well, you don't look like a sucker by daylight."
"I'm not."

"Good boy. Have a drink."

"I don't mind."

They emptied the bottle and Jones got another. A week later he and "Five Cent Fan" went to housekeeping together.

She was a smart girl and a clever one. She had received a good education and hadn't been so long on the streets to become utterly depraved. Above all, she fell in love with the Bohemian, and was true to him.

The result was that they lived happily together for some years. He carried her with him to all the merry-making he had access to. Nor was she a useless member of his household. On the contrary.

This gentleman, if the truth must be told, belonged to the class of journalists who make the public as well as the newspapers aid, in supporting him. He never sold an article to a paper which he could sell outside, and Fan became a valuable means of communication between the blackmailer and his victims.

Some four years after they joined forces a famous burglar was confined in Ludlow street jail, awaiting extradition to another state. Among the regular visitors of this popular crackshank who lived like a prince in confinement were a number of well-known local politicians and others. Jones happened to visit the jail, where an acquaintance of his was confined, and became conversant with this fact. A couple of weeks later the burglar escaped. Then Jones wrote an article, giving the names of his visitors and calling on the police to investigate their connection with the vanished crackshank.

Armed with this article, Fan called on one after another of the men named in it. Every one of them came down substantially. But one did more.

This one was a gambler, who ran a big game up-town. As he gave her the money which was to keep his name out of print, he said:

"When are you coming to see me again?"

Fan laughed.
"You must like to be bled," she answered, coolly.
"I'd like to bleed you," he replied.

She went away thoughtfully. She was beginning to get tired of Jones. Besides, she knew he was not faithful to her. A short time after she caught him, in *flagrante delicto*, with a variety actress who lived in the same house. She packed her trunks next morning and moved to the gambler's house.

The sport was in luck at the time. He owned some race horses and traveled with them. Fan kept him company and helped him to spend his money. The pair were well matched and got along together.

The gambler had a wife, however, and she objected to any interference with her marital rights. The result was war, and Fan wound up by running away with one of her friend's dealers and all the cash in the bank.

They went to Charleston, where the dealer opened a game. Inside a month he had skinned so many people that a vigilance committee ran him out of town. He escaped on a schooner for Havana, whither Fan was to follow him by steamer. The schooner was never heard of again and Fan settled in Havana alone. She hadn't much money, but her nerve was equal to the occasion. She drove to the San Carlos hotel and settled in one of the best rooms in the house. In a month she had hooked a wealthy old planter of the Matauzas district, and went to his plantation to live with him.

There her protector's son became enamored of her. The pair effectually deceived the old man for some time. Finally, he discovered their intimacy, and died in an apoplectic fit brought on by the discovery. His son and heir inherited his estate and married his mistress.

Fan lives in New York now on the income of her Cuban estates, for her husband died in a madhouse five years ago. She is a voluptuous beauty, with a taste for fast horses, of which she owns some fine ones. She is a regular attendant at the great race meetings, and a better every time. None knows anything to her discredit since her return to New York. She seems to have shaken off her old weaknesses with her new fortune.

But she hasn't forgotten her old business. One day the servant who attends the door bell at her sumptuous flat announced a visitor.

"Ask him his name."

The servant brought a dirty card, and Fan read it and exclaimed:

"Jones! Show him in."

Jones was shown in.

He greeted his old girl effusively. She responded coldly. He had become old and shabby, and she said to herself:

"Great heaven! and I loved that fellow once."

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"You can give me a drink," he replied.

The servant was called and satisfied Jones's bibulous desires.

"And now?" she demanded.

"Well, I'm hard up."

"You need not tell me that."

"I want money."

"You always did."

"And you have plenty."

"What of that?"

"Give me some of it."

"Pooh, pooh."

"I must have it."

"That's all very well to say."

"And it don't get it!"

"Well, what?"

"You know what as well as I do. I can write yet—I haven't forgotten who you are."

Fan laughed.

"Jonesy," she said, "listen to me. You say you are hard up."

"I am hard up."

"Very well, then, I'll make a proposition to you."

"Make it."

"Write all you know about me."

"Yes."

"And have it printed."

"What?"

"Have it printed, if you can, in every paper in the city."

"But for what?"

"Because, once I have been shown up, no one can blackmail me in the future. I can stand exposure, for I've got all the money I want. Show me up and I'll give you \$100 dollars for every paper that prints the story."

"Make it \$200."

"Very well; \$200 be it."

Nine newspapers printed the story of "Five Cent Fan" in consequence of this bargain, and she has never been troubled by a blackmailer since.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOUNTEBANKS' BATTLE.
Desperate Attack of a Mob With Firearms on a Circus Troupe.

Life in the spangled world has always been tough, and in some sections has been regarded from time immemorial as the hereditary enemy of the yokel. When the cowboys of Texas go on a big drunk, no good fortune can equal that of falling in with a circus and charging the clowns, athletes, curiosities with murderous intent. Many have been the battles and much the blood shed all over the country by the mummers in their summer journeys, and not a moral show takes the road unarmed, nor a troupe expects to run its course without at least a skirmish or two, if not a pitched battle with the country boys in some of the wild sections.

O'Brien's Great Allied circus had a livelier beginning than usual, however, at Dover, Del., on the night of April 21. The populace made an attack in force on the circus men. A pitched battle ensued with firearms, in the course of which fourteen of the bowmen and a number of the assailants were wounded. The hostilities were provoked by the expulsion from the tents of two drunken ruffians who attempted to force their way in without paying. The populace took sides with the ruffians, and stoned the tents during the progress of the show. The attacking party numbered several hundred people. After the audience had dispersed, a howling mob remained, jeering the circus men, cutting tent ropes, throwing volleys of stones and overturning wagons. By midnight the riot had attained such proportions that the sheriff ordered out a posse to protect the circus property and to escort several wagons to the depot. When the last train of wagons started for the railway station a fresh attack was made, and a driver named Richert was knocked from his seat by a huge boulder, which fractured his skull. While Richert was being lifted into a wagon a shower of stones fell about the showmen, and several of the men received painful injuries. The horses became restive, and the 50 canvasmen, who were loading the cars, knocked off work and marched back to escort the wagon train to the depot. Although O'Brien cautioned his employees to keep cool and avoid a fight, they did not obey him, and at half a dozen points they made sorties against the mob.

When the wagon train reached Delaware street a man stepped from behind a treebox, and, taking deliberate aim at Henderson, who was on horseback, fired five revolver shots at him. The first bullet went through Henderson's hat, the second struck one of the fingers of his bridle hand, and the third entered his breast. Henderson drew a revolver, fired one shot and fell off his horse. The echoes of the revolver shot had not died away before a double-barrelled shotgun was discharged into the showman. This was the signal for general firing. The wagons were stopped, and used as a barricade by the showmen, who returned the fire of the mob. Not more than a dozen of the circus people, however, had revolvers, and the unarmed ones took shelter in and under the wagons. When the firing became general the crowd fell back half a block. The police took no part in the battle, and did nothing to stop it. More than two hundred shots were fired, and the doors and windows of a dozen houses in the neighborhood show bullet marks. Three of the circus horses were shot, and one of them died before morning.

The firing continued 10 or 15 minutes, and then the wagons moved slowly to the depot. When the show was being put on the cars a few shots were exchanged.

THE WATERTOWN SHOOTING.

[With Portraits.]

The small community of Watertown, N. Y., was thrown into a state of unspeakable excitement April 20, by the murder, in broad daylight, of Fred. W. Eames, the inventor of the Eames vacuum brake, and president of the Eames vacuum brake company. The murderer was Charles Higham, an employee of Thomas Prosser & Son, the firm to whom the right of manufacturing the patent brakes had been leased. On the morning of the murder a decree was entered in the office of the clerk of the supreme court in Jefferson county rendering Messrs. Prosser & Son's lease invalid. Acting upon this decree Eames, accompanied by the sheriff of the county and several other persons, went to the firm's shop to take possession of them. It was while so engaged that the shooting occurred. Mr. Eames, it seems, was very active. He went down with the sheriff to stop the machinery and immediately afterward was two floors above in the pattern room shop. As he walked toward this room Higham, who stood outside, entered and locked the shop door. Eames had a heavy cane, and with this he demolished the sash, put in his arm, unlocked the door and entered. As Eames entered, Higham took a revolver from a chest at the further side of the room, pointed it at Eames' head and fired. As soon as possible he fired again. Eames had by this time advanced, and they clinched. Either just then or just afterward both fell, Eames underneath, yet, with the convulsive energy of death, he held the hands of his foe. Director Townley struck Higham three blows, two on the head with his cane, and pulled him away, at the same time securing the pistol. He then went for water for the wounded man. In a few minutes Eames was dead and Higham had given himself into the sheriff's custody. It was found that the inventor's busy life had been ended by a bullet through the brain and another through the right chest.

WRIGHT IN THE WRONG PLACE.

A Woman With Two Husbands Hunts Them With a Horsewhip.

There was a lively episode at Fort Gratiot, Mich. on April 7. At 5 p.m. on that date, Lemuel Wright, a messenger in the employ of the custom house, was engaged at his duties when a fine looking, dark haired lady of medium size and stylish dress entered the office and engaged him in conversation. The tone grew louder and the gestures more demonstrative as the talk proceeded until those in the office caught such expressions as "You married me, and I'm coming down here to board and you'll have to pay for it." Wright declined the honor. The employees dropped their pens and began to take an interest in the proceedings. Then the woman drew a riding whip from under her cloak and began laying it on Wright's shoulders and back in a very energetic manner. At this juncture the government employees got down off their cushioned stools, but they seemed willing to let the Wright family fight its own battles. After the woman had exhausted her strength and increased her temper Wright succeeded in capturing the whip. An accomplished piece of tongue lashing followed. Wright accused the woman of having another husband in Canada; asked her why she didn't go back to Smith's Creek and ended by making some serious reflections on her ability to keep on the narrow gauge.

This opened up the woman's storehouse of counter criminology. She charged Wright with making a very hurried exit from York state, and dropped the curtain by insisting again that Wright should support her.

Deputy Collector Inslee concluded that the scene had lasted as long as the audience would be interested, and ordered the pair out. When the door closed, the difficulty in the Wright family seemed as far from adjustment as ever.

Mrs. Wright, or whatever her legal name may be, claims that she was married to Mr. Wright about one month ago. Wright's friends claim that soon after the marriage he found a man professing a prior claim, and he had not since lived with her

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

A Protean Hero, Successively Soldier, Scholar, Tramp and Murderer.

A Bright and Romantic Career Ending in a Dismal and Ignoble Climax on the Gallows.

One of the wife murderers to whom the POLICE GAZETTE has given passing attention, and whom it has pictured on its inimitable pages of illustrations, turns out to be a man with a history. A history, too, that besides making him a remarkable criminal, sets him upon a pedestal as a veritable hero of romance, graduated and filtered, as it were, through the phases of soldier, hero, tramp and murderer. The man we refer to is known as Henry Debosnys, who, it will be remembered by our readers, married an old woman at Essex, Vt.—a woman with some property—and shortly after the wedding killed her, as the neighbors and the law declare. This is the story of the crime and the criminal, with the fuller details added by the searching scrutiny of the law and the confessions of the mysterious man himself:

A year ago last summer he drifted from New York city up the Hudson, and thence along the western shore of Lake Champlain, until he reached the town of Essex, where he procured employment as a farm laborer. After a brief courtship he married Elizabeth Wells, a widow much his senior in years, who owned a small property. On the 1st of August, 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Debosnys were seen driving out of the village, and, after a brief interval, Debosnys was seen continuing the journey alone. The woman not making her appearance, search was made, which resulted in the finding of her mangled and lifeless body concealed under a mass of leaves and rubbish near the side of the road. Circumstances plainly pointed to the husband as the murderer. He was arrested, and upon his person was found a quantity of articles of personal property which were identified as having belonged to his wife. The trial took place last March, and the evidence, though entirely circumstantial in its character, was overwhelming as to the respondent's guilt. The jury was out only 10 minutes and returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree; the judge sentenced Debosnys to be hanged at Elizabethtown, the county seat, on Friday, April 27.

Debosnys was born nearly 50 years ago at Belem, Portugal, two miles from Lisbon, on the River Tagus. When he was very young his parents removed to France, and he was educated at a commercial school, the seminary of St. Brieux and the normal superior school at Paris. His education was thorough and extensive, and he can write and speak six languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek and Portuguese—and can less perfectly speak and understand several other languages.

While yet a mere lad he sailed with a north polar expedition under Leclaire, and was gone nearly two years—February, 1818, to October, 1820. In 1824, with his father and brother, he volunteered for the Crimean war, and served in the French army in the Crimea for a couple of years. A few years of peace followed, in which Debosnys completed his education, but on the breaking out of the war with Austria, in 1850, he joined MacMahon's army, in which, however, he saw but a few months' service, sailing in the autumn to China with the French contingent. Returning to France he joined the French expedition to Mexico in 1851, and after a few months joined the Mexican side, becoming captain of guerrillas under Lopez. In this service he was severely wounded in an engagement, and, conceiving a dislike for the Mexican system of warfare, he came north, and being cured of his wound, joined the Fourth Pennsylvania volunteers in 1853. A short time afterward, at the battle of Gettysburg, Debosnys was severely wounded in the head and left hand. His injuries procured his discharge from the army, and in 1861 he went back to France, where, in two months, he married a Mme. Desmarais.

Matrimony, however, failed to eradicate his love of adventure, and, after a honeymoon of only two months, he sailed on another arctic expedition and was absent in the polar regions nearly three years—from July, 1861, to February, 1867. Returning, he went to Rouen, thence to Paris, thence to New York, and thence to the Indian territory. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war called him from his aboriginal retirement, and he crossed the sea and entered the French army, rising by successive promotions until he became colonel under Gen. Bourbaki. He served all through the war, with varying fortunes. At its close he escaped to Marseilles, whence he shipped to America. On this side the ocean his career was much less brilliant. He fell by degrees until he became a tramp, wandering about the country and doing odd jobs of work as a painter, and a farm laborer, and finally came the crime which will put an end to his restless career.

Besides the extraordinary facts of his life, there is a good deal of mystery about the man. Debosnys is merely an assumed name, and what his real name is no one knows, nor, from the present outlook, ever will know. The murderer is very reticent about his personal antecedents, his family, and his friends. Since his arrest he has communicated only with the French consul at New York, but, of course, that official could do nothing to shield him from the consequences of his crime. At the time of the trial, Debosnys was very sick, and had to be taken into court. He listened to all the proceedings with an air of the most complete indifference—an indifference which disappeared only at the passing of the death sentence, when the wretched man broke down, and wept and sobbed aloud. He subsequently attempted to starve himself to death, but the jail authorities frustrated the attempt.

After his sentence he manifested a most intense hatred for his jailers and the newspaper men. The approach of either to his cell would send him off in a paroxysm of rage that was almost maniacal in its demonstrations: so he was not an easy subject for the interviewer to handle. He passed his time, after he had learned his doom, in writing an autobiography, which he had the unusual complaisance to state would embrace all the remarkable events in his remarkable career, but this manuscript remains, of course, in the hands of the sheriff, and the curious scribes couldn't get a peep at it while its author was at work on it. The foregoing facts, however, give a satisfying outline to our

readers of the romance of a life running through so many chances of renown and ending in the depths of ignominy.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

AN Advent preacher named Constall was arrested at Linwood, Kan., on Friday afternoon, April 13, for committing an outrage on a 9-year-old little girl, named Maggie Anderson, while she was returning from school. The scoundrel was arrested immediately, and a guard placed over him until after his preliminary examination before a justice of the peace, who bound him over in the sum of \$500. Not being able to obtain bail he was taken to Leavenworth on April 17 and placed in the county jail.

AT Houston, Tex., on April 12, two German preachers were victimized by confidence men out of \$50. Their names were suppressed at the time, but the confidence man, named Masters, was arrested on April 17, and Ministers Becker and Large of Grimes were notified to appear and prosecute.

STILL another of the elect found out. Rev. George T. Spencer, pastor of the Methodist church of Corinth, Miss. His wife's sister, a beautiful young woman, aged 16, gave birth to a child on March 23. The minister was the father. A brother of Mrs. Spencer confessed the intelligence to Mrs. Spencer, and she accused her holy husband of the deed. He acknowledged the corn, and she left him. The matter was brought before the presiding elder of the district, and he was expelled from the ministry several weeks ago. He lingered about his home until a week ago, when the indignant people began to prepare buckets of tar and rip open feather beds. Then he took alarm and fled.

MRS. CRAFTS, aged 20, eloped from the town of Givensbeck, Texas, with a young farm hand. Her husband, M. M. Crafts is a well to do farmer, aged only 22. He was wicked and wouldn't go to prayer-meeting with his wife. The farm hand was godly, however, and escorted her. The religious wad carried them to the usual extremes. The husband was in Dallas, Texas, on April 21, hunting for the runways, without success.

LOVE'S GUARDIAN.

A Kentucky Belle, to Escape a Forced Marriage, Agrees to Her Own Seduction.

A young and beautiful woman of Gravel Switch, Ky., named Elmira Hicks, is missing from her home under peculiar circumstances. She is said to have departed with a young man named William Glasgow, who accomplished her ruin about four months ago, and who had promised to wed the girl under penalty of death. The girl in question is represented as a pretty blonde about 18 years of age. She is the daughter of a farmer, and was always looked upon as an innocent girl until three weeks ago, when she related her disgrace to her father. The old man is a good Baptist, and went almost distracted over his daughter's conduct. He hunted up Glasgow and told him he must marry the girl or suffer death. The wily seducer promised cheerfully to do the former, and on April 11, the two boarded the train, stating that they were going to Louisville to make purchases for the wedding outfit. Since that time nothing has been seen or heard of either party. Glasgow is known to be a very shrewd schemer, and the impression prevails that he has taken the girl to some house of ill-fame and deserted her.

The young lady's aged father is said to be heartbroken. She was his only child and his housekeeper, and the old gentleman was completely wrapped up in her. He has shut himself up at his country home and refuses to see anyone or to be interviewed about his wayward offspring. It is said that the ruin of the girl is in the main due to the action of her parent. It was the wish of the old gentleman that she should marry her cousin, a man whom she despised. The wedding day was fixed and due preparations made to celebrate the occasion. On the day before the intended marriage the young lady communicated to her father the fact of her intimacy with Glasgow. The friends of the old man Hicks express some anxiety that he may be driven to commit suicide.

A MERRY MUSS IN MONTANA.

The Boys Rejoice Over an Old Time Fight and a Probable Lynching Party.

An old time fight took place on April 16 in the mining camp of Lion City, Montana, situated about nine miles from Helena, Mont. A low dive, kept by Mike Kutt, was the scene of the murder. It seems that a desperado named Tyndall had gone into the saloon, and, after quarreling with some of the women, drew his six shooter and began to run the place. He had ordered the drinks up once too often, as the last time he called and threatened to demolish the place unless he was humored, the bartender pulled his shotgun, which was heavily loaded, from under the counter and dropped the fellow dead at the bar. The half correspondent sums up the situation in the following style, racy of the Montana soil:

The general feeling is that the result is good, but that Kutt should be cleared off. He will very likely swing, as there are many there who do not like him on account of a former scrape in which he and a mining boss named Jim Parpe and others were concerned on last Christmas.

A TEXAS JAIL DELIVERY.

Twenty Criminals Take a Jailer by Surprise, and Get Clear Away.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of April 10, 20 prisoners of the Tarrant county (Texas) jail overpowered the guard, Jas. H. Wood, who had entered the corridor to investigate the causes of a commotion among the inmates. They had cut or sawed their way from the cages and were secreted on the opposite side of the corridor from where the guard entered, and their assault on him was a surprise. They disarmed him, tore down the telephone, cutting off communication with Dallas, took all the arms and ammunition they could get, and fled. The guard soon ran out and gave the alarm, and 25 mounted men with bloodhounds were quickly in pursuit, and by 6 o'clock had captured 17 of the fugitives. The three at large are N. J. Smith, rapist; T. S. Gilbert and Charles Bullard, horse thieves. Among the 20 who broke out are men charged with murder, arson, burglary and other crimes. The officers hope to capture the three men still at large.

A LOVE ROMANCE ENDED.

Governor Hubbard's Daughter at Last Divorced From Her Coachman Husband.

Here's the sequel of a romance that shocked us all some four years ago. At that time, it will be remembered, that Miss Nellie Hubbard, the youngest daughter of ex-Gov. Hubbard of Hartford, Conn., eloped with and married her father's coachman, Frederick Shepard. The story of Miss Hubbard's hasty action, in deceiving her father and marrying a man so far beneath her, not only in the social but in the intellectual scale, has had the ending which such stories generally do have—repenting at leisure for what was done in haste. Miss Hubbard, who was at that time a young girl scarcely 18 years of age, was secretly married to Shepard at Westfield, Mass., on March 11, 1879, while her father's family was absent from Hartford.

Shepard, who was about 30 years old, had acted as coachman for ex-Gov. Hubbard for about a year and a half. So far as his character went, very little could be urged against him, except that he had formerly been a hackman, a fact from which it was argued that he must have been accustomed to associate with characters of doubtful morality. He was a young fellow of good address, and did not drink or swear; but he was very illiterate. Miss Nellie undertook to teach him to read and write, and while engaged in this laudable effort to benefit his condition, she lost, or imagined that she lost, her heart. The fact of the marriage was not made known to ex-Gov. Hubbard until March 22, 11 days after the ceremony, when the marriage certificate was sent to him by the groom's parents. His daughter was preparing to leave the house to join her husband when this document was placed in his hands. The heart-broken father confronted her with the certificate, and she then candidly acknowledged that she was married to Shepard; declared, with the enthusiasm of a woman in love, that her husband was fully worthy of her, and left the house to join him, despite the attempts of the grief-stricken father to restrain her. From that time to this Nellie's name, it is said, has been a forbidden word in the household of ex Gov. Hubbard. The old gentleman disowned the girl who had hitherto been his favorite child, and positively refused to receive any communication from either her or her husband.

After the sensation created by her marriage had died away, Mrs. Shepard fell quietly out of sight of her former aristocratic friends, and she would have been almost forgotten but for her proceedings lately to secure a divorce, which have once more revived the memory of her romantic marriage. After the wedding the couple remained in Hartford for about two years. For a few days they kept themselves perfectly secluded, and Shepard feared to show himself in public lest he should be assaulted by his former master and father-in-law; but finally, finding that the ex-governor took no more notice of him than if he were dead, he secured a clerkship in a Hartford shoe store, where he worked faithfully. His young wife had plenty of money at this time, some that was hers in her own right, and more, it is said, from the ready purse of the heartbroken mother, who, while bowing meekly to the will of her husband, could not suppress all love for her darling child. The couple lived very happily for a time, and a child was born to them, a girl, to cement their union. About two years ago they removed to New Haven, where Shepard started a large livery stable in State street, with money furnished by his wife and her friends. The stable is connected with a large hotel, and yields quite a revenue to Shepard, who is still running it. They engaged a cozy cottage in a pleasant street, and here for a time all went well. But the domestic peace was to be shattered in New Haven. Mrs. Shepard became tired of her unlettered husband, and they began to find that their tastes in almost everything ran in counter directions. Shepard attended strictly to his business, and Mrs. Shepard, who was not received with open arms by New Haven society, showed her contempt of the fashionable world, of which she had formerly been a belle, by purchasing a dog-cart and a handsome pony, with which she appeared in the streets, elegantly attired, on every pleasant day. The beautiful woman naturally attracted admirers, and among them one is said to be an aged and wealthy manufacturer of New Haven, and another a millionaire of New York, who frequents the Turf club in that city. Shepard became jealous of his wife, with or without cause, and the result was that the two separated several months ago, and have not lived together since.

When the breach occurred Shepard went to live at a hotel, and his wife remained in the cottage with her child. The husband called frequently to see his child, and on such occasions Mrs. Shepard left the two together. Some four months ago she gave up her cottage and went to live in the Selden House at New Haven. The breach between her and her husband was constantly widening, although it was very apparent that Shepard still idolized his wife. Some three months since, when the rumor that she was about to seek a divorce was first spread, a friend of Shepard spoke to him on the subject. He cried like a baby then, and said that he had always been true to her and should always love her devotedly. He acted like a child who was being punished, refused to believe that his wife would ask for a divorce, and seemed to be confident that she would ultimately return to live with him.

Mrs. Shepard's lawyer in moving for the divorce was L. N. Blydenburg, who figured as the counsel for the Malley boys in their trial for the murder of Jennie Cramer. The cause for which the divorce was granted is said to be abandonment, Shepard making no counter-charges. Great efforts have been made to keep the fact that a divorce has been granted secret in Connecticut, the lawyers and the Judge doing all in their power to conceal the record from the public. It is thought by some that Mrs. Shepard, having disengaged herself of her plebeian husband, will be welcomed back to her father's house, but the general opinion is that ex-Governor Hubbard will never recall the denunciation which he pronounced against his daughter four years ago.

A SPIRITED ARGUMENT.

Two Tombstone Lawyers Drop Their Law Books and Dispute With Deadly Weapons.

[Subject of Illustration.] Tombstone, Arizona, again turns up an illustration for the POLICE GAZETTE. This time, although knives and pistols figure in the scene, there were no very serious results. It was merely a little difficulty in a local court. One disciple of the law, becoming exasperated at some remarks of the learned counsel on the other side, drew his knife and proposed to prune

the offending limb of the law. At the same time the other, suddenly struck with the idea that his opponent would look better with a few holes in him, jerked out his pistol. They went for each other then and there, but having to come to close quarters, the weapons were comparatively harmless, and with the exception of a flesh wound received by one of the jurors, the damage was trifling. His honor, the lame judge, did not get a chance to take a hand in the fight, some one having hid his crutch, but he soothed his feelings by fining the offenders \$20 dollars each, and imposing a penalty of drinks all around.

AN IDEAL SCANDAL.

The Prima Donna of a Boston Opera Troupe Figuring in a Spicy Divorce Case.

We remarked some time since, we believe, that the highly moral church choir gang, the Boston Ideal opera company, were going to fall into line with the rest of the "perfection," with a regular out-and-out scandal. We have hinted at this thing before, but it only lately came out in full force. Mary Beebe, the ideal prima donna, was married some time ago to R. G. Haskell, a Boston shoedealer. They didn't make an ideal couple, however. Mary had a soul above soul leather, and was so aesthetic and musical that Haskell found no peace in married life. They fought and separated. The shoe man thought there was something crooked about the ideal Mary, and sent a detective tramping with the company over the country to keep him posted on her ideal rackets. A Boston lawyer, named Chester Dawes, was also employed to follow closely after the detective, whom he overtook at Chicago, where he began a divorce suit. Miss Beebe was discharged from the company recently, and is now at the Chicago European hotel. The discharge of C. D. Wheeler, business manager, soon followed, and it has leaked out that Wheeler and Beebe had been constantly together and had become so intimate that a great scandal was created. Beebe's friends allege that the trouble was caused by Miss Geraldine Ulmar, a prima donna, who was intensely jealous of Beebe. Also that Advance Agent Foster had called at Miss Beebe's room, and upon being refused admittance, precipitated a row and persecuted Miss Beebe. They say there is the usual amount of doubling-up iniquity in this company, such as the POLICE GAZETTE has been harping on for some time, and when this case comes to trial, there is going to be an upheaval that will shock Boston, and give away not only the dramatic artists and choir singers, but rake over business circles and society generally. They are all giving themselves away, you see, just as the POLICE GAZETTE has all along said they would.

"THE BOYS" PAY FOR THEIR FUN.

How They Hustled an Italian and Broke His Images, and How he Got Square.

The United States circuit at Atlanta, Ga., on April 20 decided the suit of a poor Italian peddler, Mighill Bernardi by name, for \$10,000 damages, against several prominent citizens of Douglasville, Ala.—John V. Edge, C. D. Comp, P. Vanderlift and W. T. Linly. The action was based on the following statement, sworn to by Bernardi and translated for the court: "The 9th of this month, June, 1882, I find myself with a quantity of plaster toys in the town of Douglasville, and as I just got there I sold 25 cents' worth to a worthy lady. A few minutes after the sheriff asked me the price of all my toys. I told him \$50. After this the sheriff said: 'Have you got a license?' I said 'No.' 'Well, you must pay \$50 for the license.' I said, 'I will leave.' Then the sheriff took me by the arm and brought me to the court house. He searched my pocket, and finding \$5, took them. I never saw them again. The sheriff and others then made me take down the plank of images, kicked and broke them all to pieces, then knocked me down and jumped on me and kicked me to death, and they would have had me killed if I had not called loud and screamed so that citizens came to see about it and saved my life."

The jury returned a verdict of \$1,250 for the Italian peddler. The damages would have been larger, but no malice could be shown on the part of the defendants. They were only having a little fun with the stranger that was all.

"RICHARD K. FOX" AFLOAT.

The trim and saucy schooner, the Richard K. Fox, named after the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, the launch of which we adverted to some months since, arrived at New York a few days ago. The vessel is owned by Andrew Leighton of Gloucester, Mass., is commanded by Capt. Harry and manned by a crew of 17 men. She has proved on her first trip a very fast sailer and a good sea boat. The captain's cabin and officers' quarters are fitted up in grand style, and nothing has been left undone to make her a comfortable and safe seagoing craft. She is 91 ft in length over all, with a beam of 23 ft 3 in, and has a depth of hold of 8 ft 4 in. Her foremast is 71½ ft long, with a topmast of 37 ft; mainmast 73 ft and a topmast of 37 ft. Mr. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE has presented her with a magnificent set of colors. She was built by David Poland of Essex, Mass.

THE TEWKSBURY SCANDAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Gov. Butler has opened up a real sensation in the investigation of the Tewksbury almshouse. The examination now going on at the state house in Boston is attracting attention all over the country. The details of the cruelties practiced on the poor inmates read like pages from the records of the Spanish inquisition. The insane patients appear to have been specially singled out for inhuman treatment. Our illustration is not an overdrawn picture of an incident related by a witness. The cries of a poor demented creature for food were stifled by an assistant nurse, while the Salley Gamps and Betsy Priggs of the institution enjoyed themselves over their tea.

A VICTIM OF THE TORNADO.

The terrible tornadoes that swept through portions of Mississippi, North Carolina, Iowa and Georgia on Saturday and Sunday, April 21 and 22, left in their wake scenes of destruction, desolation and despair. From nowhere in the records of the terrors of the raid of the storm king can be found a more pathetic picture of his cruel work than in the death of Jack Stephenson, an estimable young man of Columbus, Miss., who, while bending over his sick wife, and trying to allay her fears, was buried beneath falling beams and timbers and instantly killed.



A FLIRT'S DARING TRICK.

A PRETTY BROOKLYN GIRL MAKES A SENSATION AND DISPLAYS HER NERVE BY WALKING ON THE RAILING OF THE BIG BRIDGE.



"TREED" IN A STEEPLE.

TWO BURGLARS WHO TOOK REFUGE IN A CHURCH AT BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, MADE TO STEP DOWN AND OUT.



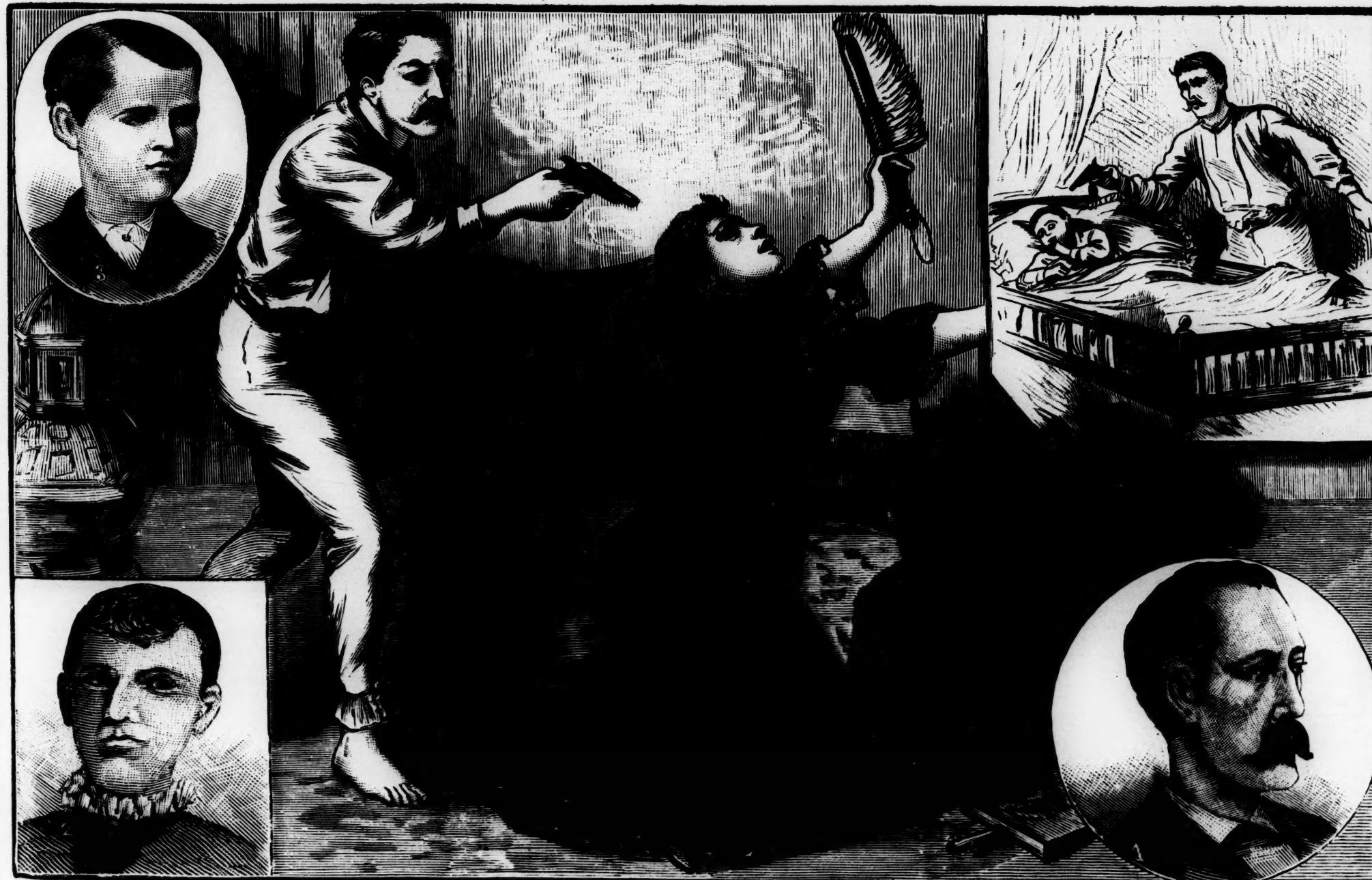
YANKEE SAIREY GAMPS.

THE BRUTAL TREATMENT OF INSANE PATIENTS BY THE NURSES AT THE TEWKSBURY, MASS., ALMSHOUSE.



TRAGEDY ON A TRAIN.

CONGRESSMAN THOMPSON ENCOUNTERS THE SEDUCER OF HIS WIFE, ON A RAILROAD TRAIN, NEAR HARRODSBURG, KY., AND KILLS HIM IN HIS TRACKS.



A DEED OF HORROR.

A BROKER KILLS HIS WIFE, CHILD AND HIMSELF IN HIS BROOKLYN RESIDENCE, AND LEAVES NO CLUE TO THE CAUSE OF THE TERRIBLE DEED. PORTRAITS: NO. 1—WILLIAM MACDUFF, THE MURDERER AND SUICIDE. NO. 2—MRS. CATHERINE MACDUFF, THE MURDERED WIFE. NO. 3—WILLIE MACDUFF, THE SLAUGHTERED INNOCENT.

THE PRIZE RING.

A Flutter in Sporting Circles over the Great Events at Hand.

Gossip of the Sports Over the Preliminaries of the Matches Between Mitchell, Sullivan and Slade.

Judging from the present outlook, the proposed fight for \$5,000 and the championship of America, between Herbert A. Slade and Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, is now a fixed fact. Many sporting men, when they read in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, that Slade and Mitchell had been matched, greeted the idea with derision, and when it became known that a forfeit of only \$100 a side had been posted by Harry Hill, there were open statements made that the match was not genuine. But every one is liable to fall into error, and the sporting men who supposed and said that the Slade and Mitchell match was not a genuine contest, were sadly mistaken.

The fact of the matter is that Mitchell thinks he can defeat any man living, either with or without the gloves. On learning there was no possibility of a match being arranged between John L. Sullivan, the champion, and Slade, the plucky English champion decided to fight either. The Slade party, finding that Sullivan was not over anxious to arrange a mill for the championship of the world, turned their attention from the American champion and made a proposition to fight Mitchell. Wm. Madden, eager to have Mitchell matched against either of the heavyweights, accepted the offer, and \$100 a side was posted with Harry Hill, and the pugilists, with their backers, agreed to meet at Hill's theatre on April 21, to post an additional deposit of \$900 a side, and ratify the match by signing articles of agreement.

On Saturday night, April 21, according to agreement, Jem Mace, Herbert A. Slade, Wm. Madden and Charley Mitchell, met at Harry Hill's to sign articles of agreement. A host of sporting men were present to satisfy themselves that the bulk of the stakes in the match was posted. Mitchell appeared anxious to see the matter settled and Madden proved his earnestness, displaying nine \$100 treasury notes to post for his protege. No time was lost in settling matters, each side posted \$900, making with \$100 previously posted, \$1,000 a side. After discussing a few points, all the preliminaries were settled and articles of agreement were signed, of which the following is a copy:

Articles of agreement entered into the 22d day of April, between C. Mitchell of Birmingham, and Herbert A. Slade of New Zealand.

The said Mitchell and the said Slade agree to fight a fair stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which the said Mitchell and Slade hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight to be for the sum of \$2,500 a side, and shall take place on the 11th day of September, 1881, within 20 miles of Kansas City, the man winning the toss to give 10 days' notice of the place. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$1,000 is now deposited, and the remaining deposit of \$1,500 a side is to be put up on the 31st day of July, 1881, with the final stakeholder. The toss for choice of ground to take place on the day of final deposit. The second deposit shall be put up not later than 11 p.m. on the day aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down.

Slade and Mace sail for England on the Alaska on April 24. They will remain in England two months, at the expiration of which time they return to this country, and thence will go into training for the mill. Mitchell desires to have the fight decided in a month's time and tried earnestly to have the date fixed for June, but Slade's backers objected, stating that he had to go to England to settle up some financial business.

It is reported in the sporting circles of the Quaker city that Arthur Chambers of the Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, is to import Bat Mullins to this country, and that on the arrival of the noted English pugilist we will be matched to fight Charley Mitchell, the English champion. We are under the impression that Bat Mullins is rather stale to fight in the prize ring, although he is a clever and scientific boxer. It will no doubt be a matter of news to many to know that 11 years ago, at the time George Seddon and Arthur Chambers kept the Arbor, 50 West Houston street, that Chambers and Seddon issued a challenge offering to match an unknown to fight Billy Edwards (who was then lightweight champion) for \$1,000 a side and the lightweight championship of America. The match was arranged, and the unknown was Bat Mullins, who Chambers sent for to England. The latter was put into training, but "broke down," owing to not having sufficient time to become acclimated, and, to save the stakes, Chambers had to unexpectedly go into training and name himself at the posting of the final stakes or forfeit. Mullins returned to England, and since that time has never fought a regular prize fight. We informed Wm. Madden and Mitchell of the rumor that Chambers intended to import Mullins. Mitchell smiled, and replied: "I don't care if they import all the fighters in England, I will meet them one after another. I want to fight about three titles more, but I want to meet the best men. I do not want to fight third or fourth class boxers. Mullins is a clever and scientific boxer, but I am the champion, and will defend that title against all comers."

The great event which is now attracting the attention of sporting men all over the country is the proposed meeting between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, and Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, at Madison square garden, New York, on May 11. Sullivan has an idea there is no pugilist living can stand before him, either with or without gloves; therefore the meet between these rival champions will no doubt attract many thousands of spectators, who will journey from all parts of the country to see Sullivan box with the latest pugilistic wonder. Mitchell, when he first arrived on these shores, was eager to meet Sullivan before any other pugilist, on account of the Boston Hercules holding the title of champion. Satisfactory arrangements could not be made, and Cleary agreed to meet the

Englishman. The affair between Mitchell and Cleary was a complete upset to the knowing ones, who lost heavily, and many of the supporters who backed Cleary and lost, now expect to retrieve their losses and win interest for their money on the result of the contest between Mitchell and Sullivan. No matter where you go or who you converse with you will be met with the argument, "Sullivan is too big for Mitchell. Why, if he manages to land one of his right handers on Mitchell's neck that will settle it."

It is our idea that both Wm. Madden and Mitchell just want everybody to think this way, especially if the parties will back up their opinions with money. Mitchell is just as confident of being able to outbox Sullivan, as he was the night he met the champion heavyweight of Philadelphia, and what is more, he is "eager for the fray." Sullivan will, however, prepare himself for the meeting, and will not be caught napping as he was when he met Tug Wilson. One thing is certain, Sullivan will find Mitchell a phenomenon, and if he can "best" the English champion, he can do the same with any pugilist living.

There is every prospect of a glove contest for \$1,000, or \$500 a side, being arranged between Jack Stewart of London, Canada, the champion heavyweight pugilist of the Dominion, and C. A. C. Smith of Port Huron, Mich., the colored heavyweight champion. Recently Stewart forwarded \$50 forfeit to Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, with a challenge, offering to fight Smith with small, hard gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side. On April 21 Tom McAlpine, Smith's trainer, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with instructions from Smith's backer Hugh Riley, the sporting boniface of 29 Dean street, Albany, N. Y., to arrange the match. McAlpine stated that Hugh Riley is ready to back Smith, the colored champion, to fight Stewart according to the terms offered by the Canadian champion or any other man in America. Smith and his backer are ready to meet Stewart or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time Stewart may select to arrange a match for \$1,000. C. A. C. Smith was born in Philadelphia in 1853, and is 30 years of age. He stands 5 ft 11 1/2 in height, and weighs 294 lbs untrained and 185 lbs trained. He has won two battles in the prize ring with bare knuckles, and defeated Donaldson, who fought Sullivan with the gloves. He also "bested" Jack Stewart, the Canadian champion, not long ago, which makes Stewart eager to fight him. Smith boxed with Amos Lavender, the heavyweight colored pugilist of Albany, N. Y. (who stands 6 ft 1 in in height and weighs 190 lbs). Smith made such a great impression among the sporting men of Albany, that Johnny Burke, Fred Corbin, Hugh Riley and other sporting men, offered to back him to box Mace, Slade or any other pugilist, and they claim that he is a match for Sullivan. Any pugilist who will go to Albany, N. Y., and defeat Smith, can break all the sporting men who are boozing the colored champion.

A rattling prize fight was decided at Doling's Park, Tombstone, A. T., on April 8 between Tom Nolan and Jack Reilly of Chicago, Ill. The pugilists fought in a large amphitheatre, and over 1,000 persons were present. The battle was according to the rules of the Loudon prize ring, for a purse. Reilly was seconded by George Hopkins and Jack McDonald, while Jim Ash and Jim Pasquale did the honors for Nolan. Some time was taken up in selecting a referee, Reilly's seconds naming Jem Chatam and Nolan naming Capt. Mike Smith. M. E. Joyce was finally compromised on, and, stepping into the ring, he asked for instructions, which were accorded him, and awaited the time when the pugilists were ready. Of the two, Nolan was decidedly in the better form, while Reilly gave conclusive proof that his training had been neglected. Nolan was attired in white drawers and white stockings, and Reilly was jauntily dressed in white pants, blue sash and green stockings.

The fighting was desperate from the start to the finish. In the first round Nolan gained first blood and first fall. Reilly knocked Nolan down in the second round by a terrific righthander. Eleven rounds more were fought and the pugilists punished each other terribly. On time being called for the 13th round, Reilly got in a terrific blow on Nolan's cranium, and Nolan returned a crushing one on the nose and mouth of Reilly, from which the blood spouted in a ghastly manner. Both men kept pluckily at their work, fighting to the ropes, when suddenly Reilly caught Nolan below the belt and threw him heavily over the ropes. Nolan's seconds claimed a foul, and it being evident that Reilly had been guilty of the act, the referee declared Nolan the winner, amid the cheers and plaudits of the excited audience.

While it is claimed that Reilly's finger was broken by coming in contact with a post, there is no doubt in the minds of many that the injury was received at the time Nolan received the fearful blow in the back of the head, as the seconds of Nolan declare that they heard the break at the time. If so, Reilly displayed great judgment in putting an end to the fight, as in his disabled condition he would have been but a plaything in the hands of his antagonist. Both men proved that they were game, and had it not been for the injury received Reilly would have made a still better record, and, possibly, might eventually have won the fight. The friends and backers of Reilly do not appear to be satisfied with the result of the mill, and are ready to back him in the sum of \$500 in another encounter. It is understood that Nolan stands ready to sign articles at a moment's notice, but as it will be at least six weeks before Reilly's hand will be in a fair condition, no satisfactory settlement can be arrived at before that time.

The patrons of boxing assembled in force at Clarendon hall, N. Y., on April 21, to witness a boxing entertainment given by the New York Athletic Club. Jim Murray and Tom Allen (of New York) made a rattling set-to. Joe Pendergast and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan followed in three sharp rounds. Mike Donovan and Pete McCoy made it lively for each other in a three-round bout, and the set-to brought down the house.

Billy Edwards and Warry Edwards (the retired champion's brother), followed in a scientific display. Denny Costigan and Martin (better known as Fiddler) Neary, then put on the gloves, and treated the audience to a brilliant display of science. Walter De Baun and Harry Gilmore (who is hunting backers to pit him against George Fulljames), then stepped into the arena. Gilmore made a clever display of science, and demonstrated that he is a capital boxer. Frank Ivanhoe and Frank Sahulka also contended, and the latter had decidedly the better of the bout. The affair was well managed, and the boxing by both the amateurs and professionals was first-class.

Tom Walling, the champion pugilist of Colorado, has opened a sporting house at 120 State street, Leadville, Col., and has named it the "Police Gazette" Shades. It is well fitted up, and in a large hall adjoin-

ing he has a 24-foot ring. The POLICE GAZETTE on file. The \$300 that Walling had posted with Richard K. Fox to fight Bryan Campbell at 145 lbs for \$1,000 a side with the bare knuckles, has been returned. The stakes were posted on March 22, and were uncovered.

The sporting men of Pittsburgh expected that Jimmy Weedon (the pugilist who fought Owen Maloney last summer) and Billy Majors would have arranged a prize fight, but they were disappointed. The proposed match ended in smoke.

Harry Woodson, the "Black Diamond," and Gus Lambert made a great hit in their boxing bouts at Johnny Clark's in Philadelphia. Clark offers a prize of \$25 to any pugilist who can stop the Diamond in four rounds.

Patsy McHugh, the pugilist of Stevens Point, Wis., was shot at the latter place on April 20, 1881. McHugh had been eager to fight several heavyweights in that section, and had time and again challenged John Donaldson and Frank Steele to fight.

Wm. Madden says if E. A. C. Smith is a game pugilist he should be able to whip any man in America. To prove, though, that he does not believe that Smith is game, Madden will match an unknown to box him with gloves for \$500.

George Cooke, the champion middleweight pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 23 and desired us to state that he has no connection with John McLaughlin, the Grand Central Shades boniface in 43rd street, New York, and when the latter advertises that he (Cooke) has a boxing class at the Shades he is gulling the public. Cooke says he left the firm three months ago.

George Cooke, the champion middleweight pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at the Opera House, Newburgh, N. Y., on May 7. A host of sparring will assist and Cooke will wind up with a heavyweight unknown.

Harry Morgan of Leadville, Colo., desires through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return thanks to all the pugilists, etc., who appeared recently at his benefit.

The Jem Mace and Herbert A. Slade Combination, under the management of Henry J. Rice, appeared at the American Institute, New York, on April 23, and although Mace was billed to box with J. Lafin, and Slade was announced to set-to with Joe Coburn, the affair was a lamentable failure. The expenses, including \$300 for the building, and \$100 security that no glass would be broken, amounted to nearly \$800. The sporting public had learned that Mace had broken his contract with Richard K. Fox, and refused to allow Slade, who Mace holds under a contract for nine months, to box with Mitchell, or allow him to put on the gloves with Joe Coburn. Besides Mace and his agent even refused to travel with the "Police Gazette" Combination, it certain five pugilists Richard K. Fox had engaged joined the show. Owing to these facts few of the New York sporting men cared about patronizing the first exhibition given in New York by the newly organized combination which was like a pitcher without a handle. Only 300 persons attended the exhibition, and one-third of them were deadheads. At 9 o'clock the manager was so disgusted at the failure that he tried to stop the little boys engaged as the POLICE GAZETTE patrol from distributing the dodgers. Even the members of the press who had written favorable free notices of the show were met by the "deputy sheriff," Hen J. Rice, and grossly insulted because the public would not be gulled in paying the treasures the exorbitant tariff to see Mace do a harlequin farce with J. Lafin, and Slade play the big giant act in front of the undefeated and defiant Joe Coburn. At 9:30 the crowd was so few and far between that even "Pop" Whittaker, the champion master of ceremonies, with a melancholy look upon his veteran brow, watched the box office to see if there would be enough shekels taken in to pay him for his services. Rice, the manager, who gained everybody's ill-will during the trip of the combination, had continued wrangles with the spectators, and it was no wonder, for after the expenses were paid he would have no per centage. The show was better than many expected it would be, but it was not first-class. Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the lightweight champion boxers of the period, made a rattling set-to, and received loud applause. Their display of sharp, quick hitting put all the other contests in the shade. John Lafin, who is a giant in stature, and well known as a boxer and club swinger, agreed for a \$50 note to box with Mace. They made a capital set-to, but Mace proved that he was Lafin's master in hitting and stopping. Lafin gave Mace "bellows to mend" several times by the terrific lunges made at the veteran. Gus Hill, the champion club swinger, gave an imitable exhibition of Indian club swinging, and afterward did a tripping act with Steve O'Donnell. The wind-up was the boxing match between Joe Coburn, the retired champion, and Herbert A. Slade. It was noise about that Slade was to knock Coburn out (that is if the champion would allow him to do so). Rice, the manager, expected he would do so, thinking it would be a card for Slade when he arrived in England with his master. Slade failed in this utterly, but he proved he was a clever boxer, and now and again he made it warm for Coburn, not on scientific principles, but because Coburn is on the wane and lacks the vim and strength which at one time he was so famous for. The set to between Slade and Coburn demonstrated that Slade's blows lack force, he has no wonderful hitting powers, and he will be a great mark for Wm. England, Springall, Tug Wilson, or any of the second or third class pugilists in England. How he will ever whip Mitchell on Sept. 11 for that \$5,000 is a miracle yet to be explained and demonstrated.

THE BOSS HORROR.

A Mysterious Disappearance Solved by the Discovery of a Murder.

About a year ago the wife of Mr. A. Bengtran of St. Paul, Minn., disappeared. Her husband gave out the story that she had eloped. This was generally believed and much sympathy was wasted on him. Last August, however, he committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. It was thought his heart was broken by the conduct of his faithless wife, and there the matter rested. On April 16, 1881, however, the body of Mrs. Bengtran was found buried in the northeast corner of the stable, on the grounds of the residence. The husband had murdered his wife and buried her. At the time her best clothes were missing—a fact which he dwelt on as proving her departure—but they have been found concealed in the walls of the barn. There was a bullet hole in the back of the woman's head. The revolver with which the deed was committed was found in the cellar of the house. These discoveries have very naturally made a great sensation.

THE LADIES' BATTLE.

A Wife's Jealousy Leads to a Scandal and Desperate Legal Fight.

Oh, the devilishness of women. Just hear this, and remark into what a fine snarl one jealous dame managed to get all the affairs of herself, her husband and all about her. On Nov. 12, 1881, Kate Louise Terry, wife of John Terry, then resident at the Sturtevant House, N. Y., caused the arrest of Miss Alicevina Atwood of 344 West 4th street on two charges, one of grand larceny, the other of assault and battery. Mrs. Terry's story was that her husband received a letter, which she saw, purporting to come from "Vinnie Atwood." She thereafter caused a letter to be written to Miss Atwood, the intent of which was to put a stop to what she feared was the beginning of an undue intimacy with her husband, whose name she signed to the letter.

After sending the letter by a messenger and eliciting no reply, she herself went to Miss Atwood's residence to see her, and, as she alleged, was ejected therefrom by the combined forces of Miss Atwood, her mother and her sister. After her return to her hotel, Mrs. Terry further said she missed \$1,000 bill and three \$100 bills that she had drawn from the bank the day before, and which she then remembered she had inadvertently enclosed in the letter to Miss Atwood. The next day she went back to Miss Atwood's, and the ladies there, after denying that there was any money in the letter, again put her out. Then followed the arrest.

Miss Atwood declared that the original letter to Mr. Terry had never been written by her or with her knowledge and consent, but must have been the work of somebody desirous of making trouble; denied the receipt of the inadvertently enclosed \$1,000 in the letter sent by Mrs. Terry, and declared that no more than absolutely necessary force was employed in the ejection of the wife, who had signalled her advent in the Atwood house by excitedly filling the air with bronzes, statuettes and other mantel ornaments, in a most alarming and objectionable manner.

Justice Smith discharged Miss Alicevina Atwood from arrest under the charge of grand larceny, but held her to answer on the charge of assault and battery. That charge, also, was thrown out by the grand jury. An added point of interest in the examination before Justice Smith was afforded by the admissions of Mrs. Terry, under cross-examination, that she had previously been married in England to Charles Bullard, alias Charles Wells, a notorious bank burglar, but that upon coming to this country she had learned that Bullard had another wife and several children, and, deeming her own marriage invalid, had married Mr. Terry.

Soon after the action of the grand jury in holding Miss Atwood blameless, that lady began two actions for malicious prosecution and false imprisonment against Mrs. Terry, claiming \$25,000 damages. Mrs. Terry had, in the meantime, gone with her husband to Cuba, where Mr. Terry's father is a very rich planter, and where he himself owns large possessions. She returned the other day, however, to fight it out, and now the two women are to go at it legally, tooth and nail, and a very pretty and spicy fight it promises to be.

♦♦♦

A DARING PLOT.

A Brooklyn Girl Demoralizes All Beholders by a Bold Feat on the Bridge.

[Subject of Illustration.] We witness some queer sights from our lofty editorial eagle in the POLICE GAZETTE building. Whether we have set the fashion, or whether there is a wicked inspiration in the mere proximity of our palatial edifice with all that its mere title implies, we cannot say, but true it is that of late the great bridge, as viewed from our standpoint, has taken on decidedly sportive and sensational features, one of which we have caught and transferred to our art pages. The bridge directors have been very liberal with their passes to ladies to cross the footway of late. The procession of blooming Brooklyn beauties before our editorial room windows has been so continuous that we have been obliged to change the room of the religious editor to avoid all chance of imminent scandal consequent on the interchange of Sunday school smiles, church pew flirtations and prayer-meeting *affaires*. On April 24, however, there was an event occurred on the bridge, right in front of our office, that demoralized all our engravers and made us lose their services for two days. An old lady and a bevy of young girls, evidently from the aristocratic locality known as "the hill" in Brooklyn, were enjoying a trip across the bridge. One of their number, however—one of the youngest and prettiest of the lot—climbed over to the rail before any one could prevent her, and, despite the anatomical revelations, tripped along on the top of the iron railing in a manner as reckless as it was quaint. She finished her walk to the New York terminus in that style, despite the screams and protestations of her chaperone and companions, and came out of the adventure uninjured, though it seemed about an even thing that she would fall and dash her brains out. That's the kind of a girl, though, that isn't likely to lose her head or break herself all up. She makes the rest of the world and the POLICE GAZETTE employees do that. Really, if this is the way it's going to be, if all the awful Sunday school misses of Brooklyn are going to parade the airy highway at all hours, we'll have to take strong preventive measures. We can't have the moral young men of our staff demoralized by these church people in this way. They'll all be going off and joining the church next and scandalizing the POLICE GAZETTE by sharing in the Parsons' scrapes with the sisters. In this view, the bridge is likely to be a grand nuisance to us.

♦♦♦

ASPIRING BURGLARS.

[Subject of Illustration.] There was a novel capture of burglars at Belleville, Ontario, on Saturday, April 14. On that morning the workmen at Mr. Campion's axe factory, upon going to work, discovered two burglars at work on the safe in the office. The culprits fled upon the entry of the workmen, and had a lively run for liberty. They were chased to the Holloway Methodist church, where they sought a

THE NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

The Cincinnati fence peepers have nicknamed Corkhill "mustache."

Long John REILLY just allows three strides in going from one base to another.

The Chicagoans have expended \$10,000 in improving their grounds, which are perfect.

Eddie KENNEDY is all broke up since Roseman has taken the pennant as a fielder.

Valentines of the Columbus club got pounded pretty lively by the bats of the Bay Cities recently.

The great struggle for supremacy of the various baseball associations has now commenced.

The American association has the best umpires, and the western papers are tooting with their praise.

The East Saginaw club visited Dayton, Ohio, April 21, and "knocked out" the local club by 27 to 1.

The Chicagoans slaughtered the Indianapolis club in the inaugural game at Indianapolis to the tune of 24 to 5.

The Athletics are heartbroken over their three recent defeats at the hands of their rivals, the Philadelphias.

Bon FAIRFAX is getting good work out of the Philadelphias, and has wedged out all the worthless material.

Six thousand spectators witnessed the third game of the series between the Philadelphias and Athletics.

LILLIE has become a great favorite, and it is more than likely he will bid forth a prominent professional during the coming season.

Tax boys anticipate having a royal time when "Cheery George" strikes New York city, as he is a dandy and knows how to enjoy life.

SVENN, the catcher of the champion Cincinnati, has a sore finger now; last week it was his heel, and next week it will be his head.

KENNY, a professional pitcher from Holyoke, is superintending the inc. college nine, and giving them practice in batting curve pitching.

Give us some stock. A professional club has been organized at Johnston, Pa., and the manager is disposing of the stock at \$3 per share.

Park HOTALING, an old Cincinnati player, is a first-class player, but he puts on so many trials that he renders himself exceedingly disagreeable.

New professional clubs have been organized at Geneva and Abingdon, and the interest in the game throughout the country is still on the increase.

The prevailing color of the East Saginaw uniforms is old gold. They are used alternately, old gold and gray one day and old gold and white the next.

The American association players are kicking like a pack of mules over the association ball. They say it is poorly covered and unfit to play with.

Since McClellan stopped bending his elbow he has got down to his old style of playing, and is now doing remarkable work for the Philadelphia club.

Is Esterbrook would only take a drop on playing for the grand stand and settle down to business he would be of some service to the Metropolitans.

There are some remarkably strong clubs in the Northwestern league and their championship race this season bids fair to be highly interesting.

Driscoll is the "star" muffer of the Allegheny club, and were it not for his effective pitching he would be carrying the hot instead of playing baseball.

The Athletics are now in search of a third baseman. This looks bad for the club that boasted of having the strongest team in the American association.

Burrook, Sutton, Hornung, Hines and Radford have been doing most excellent batting for the Bostons thus far this season, making one or more hits in nearly every game.

GAUNT has proved a dead failure this season. The Philadelphians were obliged to drop him and he was picked up by the Trenton, who likewise gave him the mitt.

BUFFALO is to have a big treat when the league championship season opens, as the boys have taken up a collection and enough has been raised to get Derby's hair cut.

Says an exchange: "The Indianapolis baseball club is composed of old young men, but they can't play ball much, if the Detroit exhibition is taken as an indication."

The Buffaloes are the only league club that have held out in their determination not to play in other cities before they open the championship season, May 1, at Cleveland, Ind.

The August Flowers of Philadelphia and Rosebuds of Trenton ought to put one game together, then go down themselves, for disgracing baseball with such beastly names.

Chicago's big champion nine had all they could do to escape defeat in their game April 19, in Peoria, with the Peoria club. The score was 2 to 1. Two thousand people witnessed the game.

SHALIS, of the quicksteps of Wilmington, Del., was so badly broken up over the defeat at which they sustained, April 21, from the Bostons, that he packed up his duds and left for the west.

TROY is in anticipation of again placing a representative team in the field. They propose to select a nine from the ranks of about 20 amateur clubs to do battle for them in the American alliance.

The champion mink club of St. Louis, the Black Stockings, contemplate a trip to Ohio, and are anxious to know if there are any other clubs in that state who have sufficient nerve to tackle them.

Tax Detroit had all they could do, April 21, to escape defeat at the hands of the Fort Wayne club. This looks bad for the Detroit, who expect to accomplish so much during the coming season.

A COMMERCIAL league has been formed among the business houses of St. Louis, and the Sportsmen's park association have agreed to set up a handsome pennant as their championship emblem.

The Brooklyn club will protect their players and the umpire on their ground from abuse from spectators, as all those who indulge in this kind of work in a loud voice will be ejected from the ground.

Simmons has become quite gray and has lost 50 pounds of flesh since the Athletic-Philadelphia series of championship games commenced. He has learned an awful lot about baseball in the past few weeks.

The Cincinnatians talked very big during the winter about their determination not to play any games prior to the opening of the championship season, but they have weakened considerably and are now eating their humble pie.

The Toledo club are making a big "squeal" over the ruling of the umpires in the Northwestern league. They have been ridiculed extensively by the papers in the northwest, and even the Toledo papers dub them the "chronic kickers."

It seems too bad that Cincinnati is going to so much trouble in erecting a special flagstaff upon which to fly the championship pennant, as this is the last season they will have it to fly. In the future that emblem will wave over the "empire city."

BASEBALL is booming in all parts of this country this season, as it was never before known to flourish. There seems to be a perfect mania for forming professional, semi-professional, amateur and junior associations, with a limit from six to eight clubs.

Youngstown, Ohio, is making arrangements to form a baseball club to represent it in the Western inter-state association, which contains three clubs from Pittsburgh, and clubs from East Liverpool, Wheeling, W. Va., Rochester and Leechburg, Pa.

It requires a vast amount of practice to fit a club for the championship arena, and there is no training to equal that which a club gets in the spring while competing with clubs of other associations, who are invariably their equals if not their superiors.

The Metropolitans made a horrible exhibition of themselves April 19, at the polo ground, where they got to wrangling among themselves over a few errors that were made. There were several thousand people present, who hissed the boys so far forgetting themselves.

Hannibal WADDELL is greatly delighted with the fine style in which Mulvey of the Providence reserve team is playing this spring. He is doing most admirably in both batting and fielding, and he will give a chance to show himself in some of the league games this summer.

ARNOLD of Albany has been busily engaged since last fall getting

up ninees on paper to represent Albany. The baseball public will be delighted, no doubt, when he finally places a nine in the ball and stops hoo-hawing them by naming players who are engaged by other clubs.

MASON, the stump speaker from Philadelphia, has made an important discovery—that the league team in that city is vastly superior to the American association club, and he is now preparing an oration on that subject, which he will read to Messrs. Simons and I. P. Rizzi.

CHARLES VON DER ALM, the president of the St. Louis club, has offered to give a prize of \$100 to each and every player of his club who succeeds in not being fined for misconduct or poor playing during the season. It is a generous offer, but is hardly likely that one man will run the gantlet with Sullivan manager.

The directors of the Columbus club have decided to play games on Sunday, but as that shut off the baseball reporters of Columbus from going to Sunday school in the afternoon and "lally gagging" with their girls in the evening, they immediately set up a cry to have the city ordinances enforced to their fullest extent.

The "only Nolan" is once more doing good work. He pitched most admirably in several games for the Alleghenies, and Pres. McKnight, of the American association, says he is one of the most effective pitchers in the country. Wait until the Metropolitans get at him, and he will wish he had remained on the black list.

The Cleveland Herald claims to publish official scores of games played in all the league cities, but if they are as far off color" in the other cities as they are in New York the official business does not amount to anything. The Boston Herald is really the only paper outside of New York city that receives a fac simile score of the one sent to Niles Young at Washington.

The Metropolitans have been playing in very hard luck this season, but "luck" will change and good will be done by them yet. Up until April 27 they lost all their games with large clubs, sustaining 11 defeats, five of which were at the hands of the New York club. In all these games, however, the score was very close, and they were only beaten through their own carelessness.

The Columbia club is regarded by the baseball clubs throughout the country as the weakest club in the American association. The kindly manner in which they took to the Anthracites of Pottsville, April 17, when they defeated 27 to 7, however, sent a cold chill up the backs of the Metropolitans and made all the other clubs in the American association shake with paralysis. They are all now on the lookout for the "dark horse" from Ohio.

AL SPAULDING's western trumpet for the Chicago club, the American Sports, is making a grand boo-hoo over Harry Wright having from 20 to 22 professional players signed with Providence. They call him extra nine a "plug team," and say that it will suffice the Providence public with baseball and detract from the interest recently taken in the contests between the giants of the diamond field (meaning, of course, the Chicagoans).

The league clubs at first met with great success in their games with other association clubs, but luck had to take its course, and the tide has turned in favor of the Northwestern League and the American association. It is a game at Fort Wayne, April 22, the Detroit were the first league club to succumb, the Fort Waynes defeating them by 5 to 4. The second league club to suffer defeat was the Philadelphias, whom the Athletics walked over April 26 to the tune of 10 to 2.

It caused great amusement for the Cincinnati people when the manager of the Anthracites of Pottsville called upon his men from the grand stand to quit drinking water. This is the kind of a manager the New York club would like to have, for if there is anything in this world they dread it is to drink water. There was a New York ball player drowned in water a few years ago, and since that time the ball players in this vicinity grow livid at the bare mention of water. Beer is wet enough for our baseball players.

MANAGER JONES received an invoice of baseball posters Wednesday to be used in advertising northwestern league games in this city. They came from a printing house in Toledo, and their appearance would indicate that a Saginaw wood chopper hewed them out with a dull broad ax. The design was probably intended for a batter and a catcher, but the execution would hardly warrant the assumption. The right leg is about as large as a telegraph pole, while the left limb resembles a fishing rod. Upon the face of the batter there is a fixed melancholy expression, which would indicate that he is wondering where his next month's salary is coming from. The catcher, who stands immediately behind him, looks exactly like a frog.—Grand Rapids Times.

The Florida Herald have their own idea about making out a full score of a baseball game, and it is undoubtedly original. The eighteen names are strung out in table form, and instead of having the columns headed r. lb. tb. po. a. c., as is the custom in the north, they have nine columns numbered from 1 to 9, representing the nine innings. In each inning those who make runs have the number of runs they make in the inning placed opposite their name; the outs are indicated by an o., while the other spaces are left perfectly blank, which gives the table the appearance of having been struck with the palsy. They hail the check to apologize in their baseball report for having spoiled the record of the previous games by failing to publish one of these abortions.

INDIANAPOLIS has weakened on its team and has set up a pitiful howl about the players becoming demoralized in their game, April 20, with the Detroit, calling them the alleged representatives, and saying that O'Leary, at short-stop, can't stop a football; that the scorers throw away their tally sheets in disgust for lack of room to mark errors, and that the official scorer left the ground clothed in sack cloth and ashes. This seems to be a deplorable state of affairs, but the Indianapolis people must not expect the whole earth for 25 cents. If they want a good club they will have to pay a little more money and get good players.

WILMINGTON, "Wilmington, Del.—One hundred and thirty-seven rounds were fought in 2h 20m. 2 No.

J. H. CHICAGO FALLS, MASS.—Consult the boy's schoolteacher and he will give you the list of books he requires.

R. AND C. BELMONT CO., NEVADA.—In playing cushion caroms the cushion must be struck before either ball to count.

A. F. K., TURK'S LAKE, IND.—Send for the American Athlete.

If you can beat most everybody. 3. There is no difference.

S. W., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—It was March 9, 1870, that John C. Heenan and Jim Mace gave a sparring exhibition in your city.

OLD HEADEN, SAGINAW CITY, MICH.—Andrew Johnson was impeached, but he was not convicted of the political charges against him.

F. D. C., LEADVILLE, CO.—1. Send \$2 and we will forward you the book. 2. Dan Donnelly was never champion pugilist of England.

BARTON, ST. LOUIS, MO.—1. The old fashion course was first opened by the National jockey club, June 26, 1854. 2. Up to 1860,

3. No.

S. W., HORNETSVILLE, N. Y.—1. There is over 11,197 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories.

2. No.

D. W., NORFOLK, VA.—The time made by St. Julian in his race with Trinket at Fleetwood park, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1861, was 2.12, 2.17, 2.17, 2.16.

H. G., TRINITY, N. J.—Tom Paddock fought 14 times, defeating Nobby Clarke (twice), Paaron's Harry Houlton (twice), Aaron Jones (twice).

S. W., PORT HURON, MICH.—Prof. John Donaldson, the pugilist, who fought John L. Sullivan, now keeps a sporting house in Milwaukie, Wis.

J. P. C., BRISTOL, PA.—1. The bridge is not yet open for traffic, and the proposed wagons will be allowed to cross over it. 2. It is 85 feet wide.

M. S., BOSTON, MASS.—1. A losses. Dan O'Leary never defeated Charles Rowell, either in a six-day race or any other kind. 2. He is in Australia.

W. S., NEW YORK, N. J.—Fairmount park, Philadelphia, is much larger than either Prospect park, Brooklyn, N. Y., or Central park, New York.

H. W., TROY, N. Y.—Joe Coburn and John C. Heenan never fought as opponents. 2. Coburn is a middleweight, and Tom Sayers was a mi. heavyweight.

J. S., BOSTON, MASS.—Fred Archer, the champion English jockey, rode 564 races in 1882, winning 210; second, 183; third, 79; fourth, and was unplaced 157 times.

M. W., TOLEDO, OHIO.—Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris seconded Billy Edwards when he fought Arthur Chambers at Squirl Island, Lake Erie, March 1875. 2. No.

S. W., TERRA HAUTE.—1. It was not authenticated. 2. Wm. Forbes threw a cricket ball 316 ft in England. He made the performance at Oxford, Eng., March 1875.

W. F. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Milage Corrall was a boxer and not a pugilist. He frequently appeared in the New Bowery theatre, New York, in sparring bouts with Prof. Jack Whitney.

M. W., POTTSTOWN, PA.—1. Not that we are aware of. 2. A. O. Hickok writes that St. Julian will trot faster this season than ever before. 3. Oberman's record is 2:20, and not 2:20.

S. H., YPSILANTI, MICH.—Joe Coburn defeated Mike McCool for \$100 a side and the championship of America, at Charlestown, May 1, 1863. 67 rounds being fought in 1h and 10m.

S. W., STAPLETON, S. L. N. Y.—1. The Irish-Canadian Shamrock Lacrosse team of Montreal, Canada, are the champions of the world. 2. They won 33 games and lost 11 last season. 3. No.

G. F., NORTH LAWRENCE, OHIO.—Slade would have fought in three months, but Mac would not allow him, giving as a reason that it would take at least six months before he would become acclimated.

D. M., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The second match race between Wallace Ross and Warren Smith for \$2,000, three miles, was decided at Halifax, N. S., Sept. 1, 1879. Smith winning in 2m 84s.

J. W., PAUL, MINN.—The Chinese printed from wooden types before Gutenberg hit on the art of printing. 1. He has, therefore, been claimed for them that they are the real inventors of that art.

J. H., TOLEDO, OHIO.—1. Yes. 2. Tommy Chandler won the middleweight championship of America by defeating Dooney Hart's in a match for the title and \$5,000 at Point Isabel, Cal., April 13, 1867.

M. G., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—1. John L. Sullivan was the last pugilist who won the championship of America. 2. If a champion fails to accept a reasonable challenge he cannot, of course, retain the title.

SUBSCRIBER, NEW YORK.—1. Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, was fatally shot by Michael Finnell, his partner, on Sept. 27, 1875. 2. He did not long survive. He was buried at Brookline, Mass., Sept. 29, 1875.

M. H., BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Mitchell, the English champion pugilist, informed us that he can fight and be strong and in condition

TO CORRESPOND

He Got Away.

A young lawyer who during the day attends to his professional duties in New York has lately been in the habit of spending his evenings in the company of a married woman on Jersey City heights. The woman is young and fascinating, and her husband's business, compelling frequent and prolonged absences from home, his wife is allowed ample opportunity for indulgence in her flirtations. The legal Lothario visited his charmer a few evenings since and spent the time happily with her until 12 o'clock, when an ominous ring of the door bell startled the pair. The maid immediately after the door bell rang rushed to her mistress' room, and unceremoniously throwing open the door, told them that their master had just arrived and was threatening to break open the door unless he gained instant admission. The limb of the law was smoking a cigar when the girl entered. On hearing the news he became greatly excited and it did not tend to allay his agitation when told by the maid that he would certainly be shot if her master saw him. The wife advised him to jump out of the window and promised that the maid would throw his clothes after him.

He opened the window, but did not fancy jumping from the second story and being impaled upon the picket fence just below. Picking up his clothes and boots, and with them the lady's cloak, Don Juan rushed down stairs, and, opening a rear door, gained access to the yard. In the meantime the irate husband had also gained the rear of the house, and was just in time to see something white disappear over the fence. His nerves being none too steady, having stopped by the roadside on his way home, he took the apparition for a ghostly visitor, and although he had a pistol it fell from his nerveless grasp. That servant girl has got the dead wood on her mistress now, and expects to come out in a new spring bonnet next Sunday.

The Parents Killed, the Son Captured.

On March 28, Judge H. C. McComas, his wife and young son, Charles Ware, while visiting some mining property, were met by a straggling



THOUGHT HE SAW A GHOST.

THE FLUTTER OF HIS UNDERGARMENTS GIVES A SPECTRAL EFFECT THAT SAVES THE LIFE OF A JERSEY CITY LOTHARIO.

Mary E. Kidd, charged him with having committed adultery on several occasions with Mary Higgins, a pretty young woman employed by him as cashier. Several witnesses testified to having witnessed acts of improper intimacy between the defendant and his corespondent, and the court proceedings were altogether very spicy. Nevertheless, the jury brought in a sealed verdict in favor of the defendant, and Miss Higgins' reputation was saved.

MISS E. BYRON.

We present this week the portrait of this prime favorite in the stage roles that require shape as well as talent in their rendition. Since her first advent into this country from Merrie England she has hopped, skipped and jumped into the affections of theatregoers, and may her shadow never grow less—or more, but maintain its pleasant graceful symmetry.

A Bloody Deed in Dakota.

Last February, Charles and Frederick Ward, brothers, left Chicago to start in the real estate business in Dakota. Frederick was a graduate of West Point, and Charles,

who had been a clerk in a dry goods house, wore a watch presented to him for his bravery in a fight with burglars. The young men were lately engaged in selling town lots in Bartlett, Dakota. On April 23 it was found that the brothers had been murdered in their shanty the night before.

The brothers had a claim at Devil's Lake, and while living there moved a shanty on a claim near Creel City, which was claimed by another man, and hot words ensued. In the night the shanty was removed. On Sunday, April 22, the Ward brothers built a shanty on the claim and went there to sleep. It is alleged that the other claimant went to sleep and was fired on by some one in the Ward shanty. The party retreated. Later at night firing was heard by people living in that vicinity, and on Monday they found Charlie lying on his right side, with an ivory handled revolver in his hand. He was shot through the back. Fred was lying behind one of the shanties, resting on his back. The boys had with them a man named Elliott, who made his escape. He says that the crowd surrounded the shanty and ordered the Ward boys to leave. This they refused to do, whereupon



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISS E. BYRON

[Photo. by Mora.]



CHARLES WARE MCCOMAS,

THE NEW MEXICO BOY, NOW A PRISONER AMONG APACHE MURDERERS.

the crowd retreated a short distance and fired a volley into the shanty. As a result of this volley Fred Ward was killed. After the shooting Elliott darted through the door and started to run. He was caught, and, after being badly kicked and beaten, was unceremoniously told to leave. Elliott also says that it was undoubtedly while trying to escape that Charlie received the two shots in the back which terminated his life. It is said that more than 30 bullet holes can be counted in the board siding of the shanty. Real estate speculation in Dakota is no child's play. They mean business out there every time, but they have an odd and sometimes unpleasant way of proving it, that's all.

AT Carbondale, Ill., on the night of April 25, Elisha Kirby murdered his brother-in-law, Isaac Pullis, by shooting him through the head.

Not That Sort of a Kid.

George W. Kidd, a wealthy New York manufacturer, who is well known to amateur athletes, was the defendant in a writ for absolute divorce which came up for trial April 24 in the New York supreme court. His wife,



GEO. W. KIDD,

THE WEALTHY NEW YORKER UNJUSTLY CHARGED WITH LOVING HIS LADY CASHIER.

party of Apache Indians upon a main thoroughfare, 17 miles north of Lordsburg, on the Southern Pacific railroad. The parents were murdered by the bloodthirsty redskins, but the son's life was spared. Taking him with them the band fled to old Mexico. They were vainly pursued by several companies of United States cavalry. The boy is 7 years old, weighs nearly 100 lbs, wears 6 1/2 hat and has light yellowish hair. His relatives who live at Fort Scott, Kansas, are in fear and trembling lest he has shared his parents' fate. The whole affair has made a veritable sensation in New Mexico.

MISS E. BYRON



CONTEMPT OF COURT.

KATE KANE, A MILWAUKEE FEMALE LAWYER, FORCIBLY OBJECTS TO THE RULING OF A PRESIDING JUDGE.

Contempt of Court.

An extraordinary scene was enacted in the municipal court, Milwaukee, on April 20. Kate

Kane, a female lawyer, having taken umbrage at some action of Presiding Judge Mallory, attempted to show her indignation in a peculiar manner. Kate entered the courtroom and took

a seat in front of the judge. She inclined her head, as if to speak to the clerk, but in reality to observe the exact position of the judge. Finding him with his eyes fixed on the jury, and therefore away from her, she sprang to her feet and grasped at the inkstand resting on the bar. This proved too heavy for dexterous handling, so she let go of it and seized a glass filled with water. This she poised in her hand until the judge looked around, when, with a vicious jerk, she threw the water squarely in his face, with a "Take that, you dirty dog."

Judge Mallory, fairly beside himself with rage, ordered Kate to be arrested, and she was promptly seized by two deputy sheriffs, marched

seized her wrists to hasten her exit. She struggled all the way to the clerk's office. When asked whether she wished to pay the fine, she replied:

"No; I will rot in jail first."

Her friends applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which has led to a lot of legal complications that are not yet ended.

Saved from the Flood.

During the recent floods in the west, the house of John Pastrous, a farmer living on a small creek near the Ohio river, in Clermont county, Ohio, was caught in the rush of waters



SAVED FROM THE FLOOD.

HOW A KNOWLEDGE OF SWIMMING ENABLED A CLERMONT COUNTY, OHIO, MOTHER TO RESCUE HER BABE.

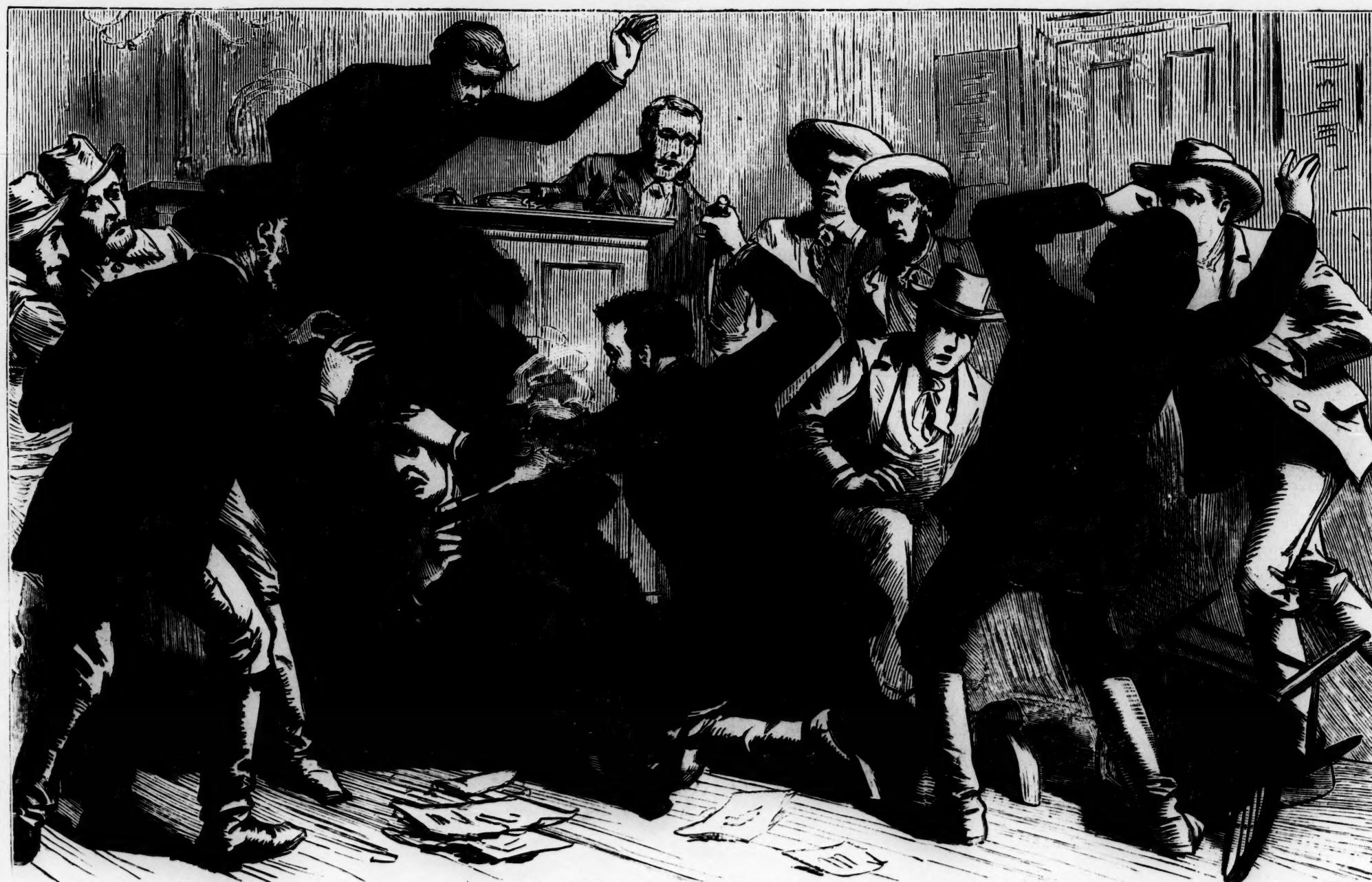
to the prisoners' dock, and fined \$50 and costs for contempt.

Then she broke out in a perfect torrent of abuse, calling the judge names, telling him that she would rather go to jail than pay her fine, that the county jail was a far more respectable place than the municipal courtroom with his honor in it, that his recent re-election was accomplished through bribery and fraud, and much else. Judge Mallory simply said:

"Take that creature out of this court."

"You have insulted me, you dirty dog," screamed Kate, as she struggled to free herself from the grasp of the deputies. "Unhand me, sir," was her order to Mr. Meyer, when he

and carried from its foundations. Pastrous was away from home, having gone in search of a boat to convey his wife and child from the house. The tide had risen before he left, so that the building was completely surrounded by water, and it was with great difficulty that he waded to dry land. During his absence there came a rush of waters that almost engulfed the little cabin, and the creek became a rushing river. The young mother, fortunately, was a good swimmer, and her knowledge saved her and her child. Strapping the infant to her back, as Indian women carry their papooses, she boldly struck out into the stream and safely landed on the shore.



A LIVELY ARGUMENT.

TWO LAWYERS DROP THEIR BOOKS, AND CONTINUE THE DISCUSSION WITH KNIFE AND PISTOL, IN AN ARIZONA COURTROOM.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE BOSS OF ALL!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, nippiest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

GEO. W. LEE will begin training Princeton's four-oared crew this week.

JOHN S. PRINCE and partner are to ride bicycles six-days against horses at Boston.

HANLAN proposes to finish his training (for his race with Kennedy) at Lowell, Mass.

The Olympic athletic club of San Francisco, Cal., will hold its regular spring meeting May 31.

CHICAGO is to be inflicted with a six-day bicycile race in May. The contest will be 12m per day.

The annual regatta of the Quaker City yacht club of Philadelphia, Pa., has been fixed for June 11.

HALEY and Masterson, the rival "sprint" runners, will try to beat the record for running 100 yds.

JOHN S. PARKIS, of Providence, R. I., has purchased the ploughhorse Captain Lewis, record 2:00 1/2.

WILLIAM STEELE and Charles Price will run a 10-mile race on the Polo grounds on May 19, for \$100.

SCOTLAND and Lizzie M. will trot a match in Belmont park on May 21. The distance is two miles.

TIM HUSSEY, the pugilist, who several years ago fought George Cooke, is now living at the Black Hills.

JOHN MURPHY outran P. F. Sullivan of Fall River, Mass., at Taunton, Mass., April 5—distance 300 yards.

UNCLE BILL TOVEE will be tendered a boxing exhibition at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, May 17.

BEAU BRUMMEL is the favorite for the English Derby to be run on Wednesday, May 21. The distance is 1 1/2 m.

C. A. HARRIMAN walked without resting or leaving the track 12 miles in 20, on April 7, at Truro, Cal.

The Driscoll-Holtske five-hour walking match is postponed on account of the Le Roy-Prince race, bicycle against horse.

The Geo. F. Merk association are to hold a grand festival at Jones' Woods on May 21. John Davis is president of the association.

JOHN S. PRINCE, the bicyclist, has offered to ride a race against any trotter, 90 miles, even, for \$100 a side, during his visit to the west.

F. M. STANLEY lost \$1,882 on turf speculations last season at Sheephead Bay, and he has sued Cridge & Co., bookmakers, for that amount.

The two-hours' heel and toe contest on the 11th inst at Albany was as follows: Casavant, 11m. 26s.; Woods, 11m. 22s.; Woolley, 9m.

JEM GOODRICH and Dick Roberts, two clever English middleweights, are matched to box three rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for £50.

A MATCH has been arranged between Ed O'Neill and Tom Sweney to wrestle collar and elbow for \$50 a side, on May 30, at Boston, Mass.

MIKE CLEARY, the Philadelphia pugilist, has been released from prison on \$2,000 bail. The saloon-keeper whom he assaulted is said to be out of danger.

GEORGE W. LEE of Newark, N. J., and Edward Hanlan rowed four sculls on the Harlem river, N. Y., on April 21, and attracted a large crowd of boatmen.

JIMMY WEEDON, the clever lightweight pugilist of Pittsburgh, Pa., left that city on April 17, accompanied by Billy Donaldson, for a three-months trip to England.

The Berlin rowing club have engaged Harry Keiley, the ex-champion oarsman of England, to train a crew that is to participate in the international regatta to be held June 20.

L. E. MYERS, the short-distance runner, will not visit the Pacific coast this season. He says if Masterson or Haley are eager to run him they can come east and he will gratify them.

FRED ARCHER, the English jockey, bought "Nicosia" after winning the Shirley plate at Croydon, for \$1,200, but afterward resold the horse to its former owner, at an advance of \$10.

The race for the great Metropolitan stakes was run at Epsom, Eng., on April 17 and was won by Lord Rosebery's four-year-old chestnut filly Vista, Alizon second and Berzenese third.

HANLAN and Lee arrived at Boston on April 21, and both will go at once to Lowell to train for their coming race. Hanlan looks in splendid condition, and is within 7 lbs. of his rowing weight.

MISS ALICE JENNINGS, the female boxer, had a benefit at the Olympic garden, Philadelphia, Pa., recently, and was presented by John H. Clark and other friends with a handsome diamond ring.

The wrestling match between J. C. Doyle and B. Burns of the Baltimore police department on April 13 was left undecided, on account of an injury to Burns' arm. Each had gained one fall.

In reply to Bob Wallis' (Keenan's big 'un) challenge, Wm. England says that Wallis can have a match arranged on terms proposed by the latter any time, and objects to any further paper controversy.

In a cushion carom game of 100 points at the Cañon Institute in Newark, N. J., on April 23, Sexton defeated Schaefer by 45 points. In a three-ball game of 200 points, Wallace beat Carter by 39 points.

VIRO SMALLS (Black Sam), the champion colored wrestler, has been engaged to give exhibitions of collar and elbow wrestling with Gus Lambert, at Prof. J. H. Clark's Olympic garden, Philadelphia, for two weeks.

A dog running race has been arranged between Arthur Chambers' Let-Her-Come, and James Sykes' Shotover. The race is to be 200 yards for \$100, and will be run at Pasture park, near Philadelphia, April 21.

DUNCAN McDONALD, the heavyweight boxer and wrestler, of Salt Lake city, Utah, who recently figured in a set-to with J. K. Waite of Butte city, knocked Jack Evans out of time in a glove contest a few days ago.

The spring meeting at York, England, was

opened on April 17. The race for the great northern handicap was won by Mr. J. Johnstone's three-year-old chestnut colt Border Minstrel, Mermaid second and Ben Alder third.

THOMAS F. DELANEY of the Williamsburg athletic club, and George Stonebridge of the Union athletic club, are to run one mile at Williamsburg athletic club grounds, April 28, the Boston athlete being allowed 50 yards start.

JAMES MITCHELL, brother of Charley, the English champion, died at Birmingham, England, on April 2. His death was an unexpected blow to his brother, now in America, who left him in excellent health before he came away.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has so far recovered from his late attack of hemorrhage, that he says he will be able to meet Charley Mitchell, the English champion, in their glove contest, which is to take place in Madison Square Garden, on May 14.

C. A. COLFORD and James Freeman engaged in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$200 at John H. Clark's Olympic garden, Philadelphia, Pa., on April 17. Colford gained the second fall in 1m, and the third—and match—in 4m.

On April 25 Wallace Ross received the articles of agreement for his race with Edward Hanlan, and expressed himself as satisfied with the change made. Ross is in splendid condition and purposes going into training on the Kennebecasis next week.

TWEED, who rode Bridget in a recent race in New Orleans, and J. S. Bramon, one of the owners of Bridget, were ruled off the track for fraud, the judges having decided that the filly had been pulled.

AT Princeton, N. J., April 21, the Lacrosse match between the New York and Princeton clubs was won by the latter. Score: Princeton, 2 goals; New York, 1. Owing to Hewitt and Rudd of Princeton being absent the teams comprised 10 instead of 12 players.

The grand International steeplechase (handicap) at the Sandown park club (England) meeting on April 21, was won by Mr. A. Yates' 5-year-old, Albert Cecil. Lord Yarborough's aged Montauban came in second, and Mr. D. Smithwick's 6-year-old Standard, third.

PRESIDENT DECKER of the Springfield bicycle club has offered to add \$100 in case a race is arranged between Keen, the English bicyclist—should he visit this country again—and J. S. Prince, the race to be run in Springfield. This liberal offer will doubtless be accepted.

HAMM and Conley's deposit of \$50 for a double-scull race with Hanlan and Lee has been covered. Hanlan will not be able to row before the latter part of July or the beginning of August; therefore the time named by Hamm and Conley, June, will have to be changed if a race is made.

FIRE occurred on April 5 at the residence of William Hawes, ex-champion walker, in London, England, and, in trying to escape by jumping from a window into a tarpaulin, the pedestrian injured his right side severely, which necessitated his removal to the hospital.

O. A. HICKOK and John Goldsmith arrived at Chicago from California on April 21 with their string of trotters, including St. Julian, Overman, Romero, Director and a number of youngsters belonging to Senator Fair and J. W. Mackey. They go to Cincinnati, and will trot at various eastern meetings.

JOE WOOLY, the clever pugilist of Newark, N. J., is anxious to fight Charley McCoy of Philadelphia, Pa., and will meet him any time he names at the POLICE GAZETTE office to put up a forfeit and sign articles of agreement. If McCoy is willing to make a match, now is his time, as Wooly means business.

The ten-mile foot race between William Steele and Charley Price for \$500 will be decided on the Manhattan athletic club grounds, instead of the polo grounds, which could not be obtained for the purpose. The principals are in steady training—Steele in Pennsylvania and Price at the Manhattan grounds.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS of the "Champions" rest, Philadelphia, was reported to have sent to England for William Sheriff (alias "Prussian"), and another pugilist, but on making inquiry, we find that such is not the case, as the retired champion lightweight has enough on hand at present without bothering with pugilists.

The twelve-hour-per-day race, for which Charley Rowell trained so carefully, fell through for the reason that Littlewood was the only other competitor to raise the stake, \$500. The twelve-hour-per-day race for the Astley belt will come off in May, but Rowell will not start. There is not enough money in it for him.

JAMES B. FERGUSON has been elected secretary of the Kentucky racing association in place of D. Vertner Johnson, who resigned a short time ago. The selection will give universal satisfaction, as Mr. Ferguson, independent of his fine business qualifications, is one of Kentucky's most intelligent breeders and turfmen.

THE New York athletic club has secured the services of Bob Rogers, the English trainer. He was to have sailed from Liverpool on April 21 in the Gulon steamer Wyoming. The members of the London athletic club, in whose employ he has been for many years, presented him with a purse of sovereigns previous to his departure.

"THUMBY" EVANS, who came to this country with "Thumby" Cooke, is matched to fight Paddy Lee of Birmingham for £50. Thumby is training at Alf Greenfield's, and Lee at Jim Carney's of the "Highland Laddie." The fight is to take place on the 1st of May and as the pugilists have a good record, a stiff battle is anticipated.

PADDY FITZGERALD, the winner of the last six-day go-as-you-please race in Madison square garden, says he has not entered for the coming six-day contest to be held in Baltimore, Md., and never intended to enter. John Hughes states that Fitzgerald is afraid of meeting him (Hughes) in the race, and that is Paddy's reason for refusing to enter.

L. E. MYERS, starting from scratch, won the 600-yard foot race at the Manhattan handicap sports on April 21. Time, 1m 15 3/4 s. The best English professional time is 1m 13 s, by James Nuttall, and the fastest amateur record in England is 1m 13 3/4 s, by F. T. Elborrough. This was Myers' first race of the season. He has covered the distance in 1m 12 3/4 s.

CAPT. J. C. DALY, the famous athlete and wrestler, has challenged H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., the winner of the wrestling match at Rochester, N. Y., on April 21. Dufur has accepted the challenge, and a match will be arranged in a few days. Daly is a clever wrestler, but he will meet a foeman worthy of his steel when he encounters the Marlboro champion.

DUNCAN McDONALD, the heavyweight boxer and wrestler, of Salt Lake city, Utah, who recently figured in a set-to with J. K. Waite of Butte city, knocked Jack Evans out of time in a glove contest a few days ago.

The spring meeting at York, England, was

to stand up before Waite for any length of time in a battle for money, he is quite an adept with the gloves, and able to take care of himself in a contact with any amateur he may meet.

PRINCE BATTHYANY, the celebrated patron of the turf, and owner of a number of race horses, died suddenly at 2:30 o'clock in the enclosure for members at the Newmarket track, England, on April 21. His death occurred immediately after the numbers of the starters and jockeys in the race for the 2,000 guineas stakes had been hoisted. His demise will be deeply mourned by the many patrons of the turf in England.

We have been informed that J. H. Bartlett of the Jeanette expedition had full charge of the whale boat No. 3 of the retreat party of the Jeanette from the time they left the ill-fated vessel in lat. 77° 14', long. 16° E. He retained full charge for 111 days, until G. W. Melville assumed command at Bennett's Island. Many persons have been led to believe that Danenhauer had charge of the party, which Mr. J. H. Bartlett denies.

JACK GOULDING of the Polo grounds and Alf Badger of the Manhattan grounds, the well-known trainers, will be tendered a grand complimentary joint benefit in this city on June 2. Some of the best athletes in America have promised their assistance on the occasion. The programme will consist of boxing, wrestling, fencing and gymnastics, and prizes will be given in each of the contests. We anticipate a good evening's enjoyment.

The 48 hour bicycle tournament at the new drill hall, Newcastle, England recently, was won by G. W. Lamb, who covered 65 miles. Thos. Battisby second, 64 miles; Wm. Parkes third, 63 miles; Henry West fourth, 63 miles. The prizes offered for the tournament were a \$125 belt, to be won three times before it becomes the absolute property of the holder, and \$125 in money as first prize; \$100 to second, \$80 to third, \$40 to fourth, and \$15 to each of the competitors who covered 600 miles.

The race for the two thousand guineas stakes, for three-year-olds, was run at the Newmarket, England, first spring meeting, on April 25, and was won by Lord Falmouth's brown colt Galliard, with Lord Cadogan's brown colt Goldfield second, and Mr. C. Blanton's bay colt The Prince third. Galliard won by a neck. There was only a short head between second and third. The betting previous to the start was nine to two against the winner.

JOHN HUGHES, the famous six-day pedestrian, has been entered by Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE in the six-day go-as-you-please race which is to take place in Baltimore, Md., on May 28. The race will take place at Kernan's Monumental garden, and all the crack pedestrians of the country will start against the POLICE GAZETTE champion. Hughes is training at Wood's gymnasium, No. 6 28th street, and is confident he will win.

The following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: Wm. F. McCoy, Jim Keenan, Boston; Tom Early, Boston; Jim Patterson, "Soap" McAlpine, H. Decker, Steve O'Donnell, Frank Stevenson, Gus Hill, champion club swimmer; Jem Mae's "Stiff'un," Bob Smith, S. L. Maloch (Long Eddy), Gus Lambert, George Cooke, Charlie Norton, Joe Wooley, Harry Monroe, club swimmer; Harry N. Herber, George Michling (alias Young Bibby), Capt. Hartly and officers of the Richard K. Fox, Prof. Laflin, Joe Coburn, Prof. Hoefler.

C. A. C. SMITH, the colored pugilist of Port Huron, Mich., writes to the effect that if John L. Sullivan does not show up at Madison square garden on May 14 to meet Charley Mitchell, the English champion, in their glove contest, that he (Smith) is ready to spar any man, Mitchell preferred, six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, the winner to receive 75 per cent. of the receipts after deducting expenses—the loser 25 per cent.; and he further states that if he does not "stay" the six rounds he will not ask a cent.

The wrestling match between Lucien Marc Christol and Richard Burke of Bay City, Mich., for a purse of \$500, was decided at the Opera house in that city. The conditions were Greco-Roman, best two in three falls. A large crowd assembled to witness the match, and Christol was a heavy favorite. The contest was a short and decisive one. Christol won the first bout in three minutes, and the second bout and match in five minutes. A delegation of Christol's admirers then mounted the stage and presented him with a diamond medal valued at \$100.

LETTERS are lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office for the following: Charley Mitchell, Frank W. Ritchie, Butler & Oakley, Jem Mae, three; Billy Madden, Wm. McMahon, Edwin Bibby, E. C. Kert, baseball pitcher; Mr. Williams, professional swimmer; Mike Coburn, Mike Cleary, Robert Donaldson, Harry Monroe, Wm. McLaflerty, Dick Garvin, Wm. Muldoon, E. M. Hackett, Frank Rose, Henry W. Taylor, E. O. Law, O. Lewis, George W. Wingate, Dick Tilden, R. J. Dickie, Prof. Laflin, James Carlin, Frank Hart, pedestrian; Wm. Henderson.

The collar-and-elbow wrestling match for \$50 a side between Capt. J. C. Daly and Viro Smalls (Black Sam), came off at the "Police Gazette" hall, 205 Avenue A, on the 21st Inst. Over 800 people were present. Sam gained first fall, and the captain won the other two and the match with ease. Jim Barrett was chosen referee. Joe Ryan was umpire for Daly and Dufur on Black Sam. The match occupied about 40m. Sam challenged Daly to try conclusions in another match for \$100 a side, in any half day may name. Daly accepted and they put up \$25 a side to bind the match.

The opening spring games of the Manhattan athletic club were held on their grounds in New York on April 21. The feature of the sports was the 600-yard handicap running race, in which L. E. Myers was scratch man. He won the race in a gallop in 1m 15 3/4 s. M. W. Ford of Brooklyn won the 100-yard race, having two yards start. R. McCausland, brother to English, the pugilist, won the one-mile-and-a-half walking match in 1m 19s. E. A. Thomson, with 35 yards start, won the one-mile walking match.

At the Howard Atheneum, Boston, Mass., on April 20, William and Thomas Daly were tendered a complimentary benefit. The building was crammed. The fact that John L. Sullivan would appear in the exhibition was principally the cause of the rush. After sparring by Tim McCarthy and Dan Gill, collar-and-elbow wrestling by Kivlan brothers and set-to between Charles Hadley and young Wilson, Patsy Sheppard and Billy Frazer, the champion, John L. Sullivan and Dan Foley appeared; John L. was too much for the other heavyweight. Sullivan sparred very easily, yet scientifically, while the times that Foley "got on" were few and far between.

A dog fight took place at Bayview, near Buffalo, N. Y., recently, between a white bulldog named Billy, 31 1/2 lbs, and a yellow bull, answering to the name of Jumbo 30 1/2 lbs. Billy was the favorite in the betting at \$25 to \$20. The dogs came together with a rush on the

A GRAND pigeon-shooting tournament will be held at Cahokia, Mo., May 6, under the auspices of the St. Louis Central hunting club.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, ex-champion of England; G. W. Weisgerber, W. Briceland and Ed Clartor, have entered for the professional regatta to be held at Pullman, Ill., on June 22 and 23.

On April 21, at the Casino, Boston, Mass., Birmingham won the concluding heat of the two-mile bicycle handicap in 6m 41 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Hasmer second in 6m 43 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. The prize was a silver medal.

MCCANN of Boston, brother of the late popular Johnny McCann, writes that Paddy McDermott of Brooklyn never fought his brother, Johnny McCann. He claims that they agreed to fight on a wharf at Boston, when McCann had the best of the contest.

The single scull race between W. A. Smith and A. W. Harrison took place on the Potomac, April 21, Smith coming in the winner. Harrison was not in condition, having entered the race without proper training.

WEBB, the champion long distance swimmer of England, is to visit this country in June. Before Webb decides to return to this country he should visit Naples and arrange a match to swim Salvator Lamagna, who, the Neapolitans claim, can beat any swimmer in the world, and offer to back their opinion with money.

C. M. ANDERSON, champion equestrian of the world, and Juan Figueras contested in a 50-mile race in California recently. Each man was to have the use of 10 horses. Anderson is a graceful rider, as supple as an eel, and possessing wonderful endurance. It was a very exciting race and attracted about 2,500 spectators. Anderson won the race in 1h 47m 30s.

The rifle match between 10 men belonging to the Yettler rifle club and a like number from the Essex club of Newark, N. J., was won by the Yettler team; score, 477 to 400. The conditions of the match were: 10 men a side, 10 shots per man, on a Creedmoor target; highest possible, 50 points per man. The match was shot at 207 Bowery, New York city.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 12, Wm. M. Woodside, champion of Ireland, and John S. Prince, champion of America, rode 10 miles on bicycles for a purse. Prince won easily, completing the distance in 37m 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. After the professional race A. W. Macrair, Julian Wright and W. H. Reed and N. Pierson, amateurs, rode 10 miles. Wright won in 37m 27s, making faster time than Prince.

THE closing bicycle tournament was held at Power hall, Cincinnati, Ohio on April 19. The attendance was good, and the events resulted as follows: Two-mile race—L. Pierson first, in 7:19 $\frac{1}{4}$; Macrair second, in 7:19 $\frac{1}{4}$. Five-mile race, *Enquirer* medal—H. Hall first, in 19:20 $\frac{1}{4}$; C. J. Jennings second, in 19:28 $\frac{1}{4}$. Hall, having won the trophy three times, it is now his own property.

JEM MACE, accompanied by Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, and Tom Early of Boston, sailed on the Arizona for England, on April 24. Mace says he has not been in England for 12 years, and his reason for going is to see his children and settle up some private business. "If my prospects are encouraging I may give exhibitions throughout England; at all events, I shall not stop away over five or six weeks, and on my return to America I will find some suitable place to put Slade through a thorough course of training for his coming battle with Mitchell."

ON April 21, Yale college boat club selected the crew who are to meet Harvard University in the annual race for the collegiate rowing championship. The following are the crew: Captain, L. X. Hull, Lebanon, Conn.; H. T. Folsom, Orange, N. J.; J. R. Parrott, Oxford, Me.; F. W. Rogers, Cambridge, Mass.; H. E. Bourne, Sharon, Conn.; W. H. Hyndman, Newburg, N. Y.; H. R. Flanders, West Tisbury, Mass.; N. T. Guernsey, New Haven. The substitutes are Hobbes, Cutler and Peters. The only change in the crew of last year is Bourne in place of Stoops, who will row with the Columbia college crew.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the champion pugilist, was attacked with hemoptysis of the lungs at Boston on April 24, which has left him so weak a condition as to render him useless as a prize fighter for some time to come. Sullivan has been leading a very fast life lately, and his heavy drinking is the cause of the malady. It was during his visit to a friend that he was attacked, and, after losing a large quantity of blood, he became insensible, and did not regain consciousness until the following day. The last rites of the church were administered to him by the Rev. Father Patterson. His friends fear that he may never recover from the effects of the prostration. In a well-known sporting house up town it was said that Sullivan had lived in reckless disregard of training rules for the last few months. He was in New York on April 9, just after Charley Mitchell arrived from England.

GREAT LUCK.

How an Honest Barber Made a Fortunate Purchase of a Lottery Ticket—He Wins \$15,000 With a Cash Investment of Only One Dollar.

Mr. Henry M. Kiesling is a barber, and a good one, and has his shop at No. 188 Dearborn street. A few weeks ago Mr. Kiesling, in company with his foreman, Mr. John Gehlein, bought each a fifth ticket in the April drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, for \$1, and agreed that if Kiesling drew the capital prize he would make Gehlein a present of the shop as it stood, while if Gehlein was the fortunate one he must pay a year's rent and give his employer plenty of spending money. Kiesling's ticket No. 628,147, was one out of the first 100,000 drawn, and went to New Orleans for collection. Monday last he received the cash, consisting of one \$10,000 treasure note and smaller denominations to make up the balance. There is no mistake about the receipt of the money, for it was paid to Mr. Kiesling by Mr. Bernar Wiggart, the well-known clerk of the express company, who can vouch for the truth of the transaction. Mr. Kiesling lost no time in depositing the large sum in a bank, where it was counted in the presence of all parties concerned. A representative of the Times yesterday called upon Mr. Kiesling and found him industriously at work on his clipping, which he asked permission to finish before he called him good fortune.

"Yes, I air up the prize," said he, when the customer had paid his bill and departed.

"What do you propose to do with so much money?" was asked.

"I will say that no sharper will get it. I have already sent the largest part of it to my father, who lives out west on a stock farm, and it will go far toward paying his debts and stocking the farm well. In this way I have a safe and profitable investment."

"Tell me something about yourself," said the reporter.

"I am married and have five children. I was born in Weidorf, Germany, and came here in 1868. At first I was a poor boy and worked in the old Belmont house. After that I went to work to learn the barber business. I worked hard scrubbing, and was obliged to wash all the towels for 25 cents a day. By close attention to my work I have been enabled to get along, built up a good business and support a family. I am 31 years old. As to my future business I can't say. I may work at the barber business here in the city or go west on the stock farm."

"How about your promise to your foreman?"

"He now owns this shop and everything appertaining to it. He is the handsomest man in Chicago to-day. By the way, his ticket drawed \$100. Pretty good return for an investment of \$1. Don't you think so?"

There is no question about the straightforward nature of this transaction, and it fully carries out all the claims of the Louisiana State Lottery as to honesty and fair dealing. There was no possible collusion between the parties, and Mr. Kiesling is perfectly willing to answer any questions as to the windfall which so strangely came to him.—Chicago Times, April 18.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.
The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric appliances on trial for thirty days to men, young or old, who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

"ROUGH ON RATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. Fifteen cents. Druggists.

The Circus.—Nothing delights the youthful boy like the circus; but when he grows old, and suffers with a racking cough, he takes Hall's Balsam.

Serofula.—The only absolute cure for Serofula, Serofulosis, Contagious, Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Mercurial, Carcerous, Infantile, and Birth Humors, Blood Poisons, and Torturing Skin Diseases is the *Catcera Remedies*. They have performed miracles of cures when physicians, quacks, and all other means failed. They are the only Skin and Blood Cure free from mercury, arsenic, iodine, and all other poisons. Prepared by chemists of world-wide celebrity and unsuald homes. Hence they command the confidence of physicians, drugists, and all afflicted.

Catcera. Resolvent.—The new blood purifier kills the disease germs of Serofulosis, Contagious and Inherited Humors, which float in the blood, urine and perspiration, expelling them through the bowels, kidneys and pores of the skin. Catcera, a medicinal jelly, eats away dead skin and flesh, allays itchings and irritations, softens, soothes and heals. It instantly relieves the most torturing Itching Humors. It kills flies, fleas, and Delicate Irritations. *Catcera Soap*, prepared from Catcera, is an inexpensive treatment of Skin Diseases, Infantile and Birth Humors, and for preserving and beautifying the Skin.

Serofulosis Humor on face, neck, and head.—Healed in 12 years permanent, cured by *Catcera Remedies*. After medical and hospital treatment had failed. How *Wm. Taylor*, 8 Pembury square, Boston.

Salt Cream covering the body for 10 years, and resisting all known methods of treatment, cured by *Catcera Remedies*. Chas. Howson, lawyer, 24 State St., Boston.

Puritis or Leprosis of 20 years' standing perfectly cured. Most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a magistrate and well-known citizens. H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y.

Skin Disease of the most painful nature on his head, face, eyes and hands, nearly destroying his eyesight, cured after a consultation of physicians had failed. F. H. Drury, Detroit, Mich.

Milk Crust—Baby of two years, head cov red with crusts and sore, cured, and now a fine, healthy child. Mrs. Bowers, 145 Clinton St., Cincinnati.

Price: *Catcera*, 5c. and \$1.00 per box. *Resolvent*, \$1.00 per bottle. *Catcera Soap*, 25c. *Catcera Shaving Soap*, 15c. Sold everywhere.

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